ECEIVED
4 1937

Short Story Contest | New Monthly Competition

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. XVI, No. 192 | JANUARY, 1937 | TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Socialists and the Monarchy

By FRANK UNDERHILL

Another Design for Living

An American League?

By J. C. K. McNAUGHT

Your Morning Paper - - - - - - - - Editorial
New Towns for Old - - - - - - - Humphrey Carver
The Wheels Squeaked (Story) - - - - - Yvonne Firkins
The Church Today on War - - - - - - J. Lavell Smith
The Weariest River (Verse) - - - - - Eleanor McNaught
Home Improvement Plan--A Mouse? - - - - - Alan Dunlop
Cartoon - - - - - - - - - - Neslo
The Archer (Verse) - - - - - - A. J. M. Smith
Swan Song (A. E. Housman) - - - - - Earle Birney
Every Man a Capitalist (?) - - - - - Eugene Forsey

BOOK REVIEWS

Social Planning for Marxists—Luther and the Modern World—Gaol—Canada, the Empire and the League—Well of Frustration—Glorious Wodehouse —A Prayer for Walpole.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Board of Editors

Earle Birney — Carlton McNaught
Eleanor Godfrey — Pegi Nicol
G. M. A. Grube — F. R. Scott
E. A. Havelock — Graham Spry
F. H. Underhill

Business Manager: Mark Farrell
Managing Editor: Eleanor Godfrey

Contributing Editors

D. W. Buchanan — J. King Gordon
H. S. M. Carver — R. W. Queen-Hughes
H. J. Davis — L. C. Marsh
E. A. Forsey — Escott Reid

Publishers

The Canadian Forum Limited
28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada

Subscriptions: One Year, $2; Six Months, $1

CONTENTS

Editorials
Your Morning Paper
Socialists and the Monarchy — F. H. Underhill
Towards a National Theatre — Martin Cohn
The Weariest River — Eleanor McNaught
Another Design for Living — J. C. K. McNaught
The Church Today on War — J. Lavell Smith
Another Month — Rufus
New Towns for Old — Humphrey Carver
Every Man a Capitalist — Eugene Forsey
Cartoon — Neslo
Johnnie in the Parlour — Odo Grindrod
Discord — Henry Noyes
A Mouse? — Alan Dunlop
Facts, Figures and Finance — E. A. F.
Swan Song — Earle Birney
The Archer — A. J. M. Smith
The Wheels Squeaked — Yvonne Firkins
O Canada
Book reviews by E. A. Havelock, F. R. Scott, King Gordon, F. H. Underhill, G. M. A. Grube, J. F. Parkinson, V. W. Bladen, M. M. Kirkwood, C. A. Ashley, Gladys Davis, G. Norwood, E. Godfrey, L. A. Mackay, E. Birney.

PICKERING COLLEGE

NEWMARKET - ONTARIO

Winter Term Opens January 8th

Meeting today's educational needs, Pickering College offers an all round education in harmony with the best trends of current educational thought.

In addition to regular Matriculation courses, Pickering provides a Business Administration Course, Departments of Creative and Manual Arts, Interest Clubs, Library Service and Vocational Guidance.

Applications for entrance at the beginning of the Winter Term are now being considered. For prospectus and full information, write to the Headmaster

JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.

STAFFORD PRINTERS LIMITED

225 Richmond St. West
WAverley 3275
Toronto

THE
CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XVI. Toronto, Ontario, January, 1937. No. 192

Dominion-Provincial Relations

LIKE the House of Lords throughout the war, the Dominion-Provincial Conferences, held under the auspices of Mr. King's government, appear to do nothing in particular and to do it very well. The difficulty is that, while it doesn't matter what the House of Lords does, we are headed for a major crisis in governmental finance in Canada unless Dominion and Provinces tackle the problems of debt and taxation which are now facing them. The root of the trouble is the distribution of financial resources and social responsibilities laid down in the B.N.A. Act. The growth of twentieth-century social services has put a burden on the provinces not foreseen by the Fathers in 1867; and the sources of revenue assigned to the provinces have not proved to be as expansible as the expenditures forced on them by our modern conceptions of state activity. Sooner or later the Dominion must take over the main burden of these new social services or it must allow the provinces new sources of revenue. The critical decision is being forced upon us by the fact that the catastrophic decline in world markets and the succession of bad crops on the prairies have driven our four western provinces into practical bankruptcy from which they are only saved now by Dominion help. At the very least, as is being urged even by such conservative journals as the Financial Post, the Dominion must assist them to refinance their provincial debts at a lower interest rate. Yet all these problems were ignored at the Dominion-Provincial financial conference in Ottawa in December, and the Minister of Finance announced a great success because they had dealt with some minor technical matters that could have been handled by a few departmental officials.

The Burden of the National Policy

THE HARD POSITION of our western provincial governments raises deeper issues than those of mere governmental finance. The poverty of the western governments is due to the relative poverty of their tax-paying citizens. And that poverty is due in part at least to our national policy. The outlying sections of the Dominion depend for their economic prosperity upon selling their staple products in world markets. Our national policy leaves them—and this is as true for the Maritime provinces as for the western ones—exposed to world economic storms, while it protects central Canada from the worst results of the hurricane. Our tariff and transportation policies have concentrated wealth in Ontario and Quebec. The economic results of Canadian national policy have frustrated the purpose of our federal system, which must aim at equality among its members. All this was pointed out some years ago by Professor Norman Rogers in his famous brief for Nova Scotia presented to the Jones Commission. That document, which might have been epoch-making in our Canadian history, does not appear as yet to have been read by the other members of the King government. It is rather late to make the suggestion for this Christmas, but would it not be a good idea for the Hon. Mr. Rogers to present copies of his Submission on behalf of Nova Scotia as Christmas presents to his fellow cabinet ministers?

Pan-America

L'AFFAIRE SIMPSON crowded all news about the Buenos Aires conference off the front pages of our Canadian newspapers. It is somewhat disturbing that at this time, when the Canadian people have to make up their minds about their relationship to the outside world, they should be paying so little attention to what is going on in their own hemisphere. At the moment it is not yet possible to discern what actual agreements on joint policy will come out of the deliberations among the American republics at Buenos Aires. President Roosevelt is evidently keen on building up some kind of American solidarity as a basis for keeping out of the next European war and also for preventing any aggression in South America by a fascist European power. His good neighbour policy has removed

some of the suspicion of Yankee imperialism which is deep-rooted among the Latin Americans. We should note also, however, that part of the welcome which was given to him was due to the fact that the dictatorial governments who now rule in most South American countries are inclined to see in Yankee imperialism a protection for themselves against internal uprisings. The President does not seem to have been comfortable about this, for he went out of his way to emphasize repeatedly the American belief in democratic government The United States, if it really desired to put over a policy of rigid pan-American neutrality towards all European disputes, seems to have been balked in this effort by the Argentine. The conference, however, may result in some sort of pact committing the American nations which sign it to joint consultation in case of any threat from abroad. Where does Canada stand on all these issues? If we were to join in some pan-American consultative pact, would that involve cutting our ties with Britain, Europe and the League? Or what readjustment in our transatlantic relations would be involved?

Spain

A STREAM of foreign volunteers continues to trickle through the Spanish frontier. Both sides now have their foreign legions, and the loyalists have apparently been able to secure some supplies and munitions from abroad, which evens the account a little. Spain now exists rather than lives under several different local governments. On the loyalist side, the Basque provinces, Catalonia and Madrid form what amount to semi-autonomous areas, and within Madrid itself there appears to be a division of authority between anarchists and socialists. The rebels, divided between fascists and Carlists, Moors and Italians, have had their own troubles, but the fact has not been published by the capitalist press services. Meanwhile the attitude of France and Britain grows daily more ambiguous. London appears to have decided that in Franco it was backing a doubtful horse; hence the sudden proposal to both sides for mediation and a plebiscite under international auspices. Since such a scheme if worked impartially would give Spain a chance to register its opinion of Franco, there is little chance of its going through. What seems more likely is that Fascist blackmail will force through some dishonest arrangement in Spain, countenanced by all the powers, which will give the appearance of pacification while bolstering Franco, and which Spain will be too exhausted to refuse. Such a deal would leave the whole issue to be settled over again in a few months or years.

Penal Reform

THE ROYAL COMMISSION on Penitentiaries seems to be conducting its investigations in a very thorough and business-like manner. It is visiting every centre and has heard witnesses, not only from all members of official bodies and social service agencies, but also from amongst the convicts themselves. In addition the members of the Commission have visited a number of provincial gaols, which, though outside their direct field of reference, are an inseparable if not dominant part of the machinery of criminal law enforcement. The principal recommendations of witnesses relate to an extension of the probation system; to improvements in the methods and kinds of sentences, particularly to a reduction in the number of persons imprisoned for "vagrancy" and non-payment of fines; to a proper use of the newer sciences of psychology and psychiatry in the classification and treatment of convicts; and to a better organization of the agencies for assisting the prisoner on discharge. Obviously a considerable amount of thought and study has gone to the preparation of many of the briefs presented, and there seems every hope that a full report will be forthcoming from the Commission. When it does appear, the public must see that it does not get pigeon-holed and forgotten as were the reports of 1914 and 1921. The only incompleteness in the Commission's survey is in the matter of the death penalty—the one form of punishment whose operation and effect they have apparently been instructed not to consider. This is still a topic which seems to arouse violent passions in the Canadian breast; though sixteen of the most civilized countries in the world have abolished the gallows without the slightest increase in the murder rate, we continue to hang our twenty or so unfortunates every year in the fond illusion that we are protecting law and order.

Hidden Reserves

CANADIAN COTTONS whose secret inventory reserves, recently unearthed by the Textile Commission, we noticed in our last issue,is not the only textile company addicted to bad habits. Dominion Textiles in 1936 had, according to the Textile Commission's accountants, a hidden reserve of $2,700,000. Since 1916, its hidden reserves exclusive of allowances for raw cotton (about $1,000,000 in 1936) have varied from $2,918,991 in 1923 to $1,195,088 in 1932. Wabasso, whose hidden reserves had been wiped out in 1932, began to rebuild them in 1933. They now stand at $350,000. As for Canadian Cottons, its secret inventory reserve in its fiscal year 1936 was about $2,300,000, in 1935 $2,200,000, in

1934 $1,800,000. For the years 1915-16, the Dominion income tax branch has made a "tentative assessment of $409,586.50 against Canadian Cottons for income tax and business profits tax allegedly owing but not paid. They did not include interest or penalties, while the figures for the last three years were still being surveyed." (Financial Post, November 28, 1936, reporting evidence of the Commissioner of Income Tax). In 1929, 1931, 1932, and 1933 the company paid its full tax; in 1919, 1921, 1924 and 1927 it overpaid by $78,888, $132,176, $10,-768 and $400 respectively. Underpayments in the other fourteen years, however, totalled $631,820. The Financial Post adds that "it is possible that the Federal Government may collect about $1,100,000" from the company when interest and penalties are added. Evidently the president of the company was uttering no idle words when he told the United States Chamber of Commerce on April 30, 1935 that "business men are trained by long years of experience . . . to understand the intangibles of business."

Christian Ethics

THE GENTLEMAN in question, Mr. A. O. Dawson, LL.D., is also president of Dominion Woollens and Worsteds and Belding-Corticelli Silk, a director of the Bank of Montreal, Crown Trust Company, Anglin-Norcross and Mount Royal Cemetery Company, ex-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, and last, but not least, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the United Theological College of Montreal. This position he held when Professor King Gordon's chair of Christian Ethics was declared vacant for reasons of economy. Mr. Dawson was formerly for many years superintendent of the Sunday School of St. James Methodist (now United) Church, and in 1934 was still teaching a Bible Class for young women. He has been a director of the Y.M.C.A. and was once its president. As recently as April 11, 1936, in an article in the Financial Post's "Next Five Year's" series, he spoke gravely of "the many thousands" of unemployed "men and women drawing government allowances to which they are not entitled." In the same article he called for "strictest honesty in all our public bodies". He also said: "Another problem that business has to face is how to offset propaganda . . . by interested parties who continuously assert that business is shot through with corrupt practices.—The time has now come when we must emphasize the simple truths and sound principles on which our economic system is based. The Canadian Chamber of Commerce has set up a National Committee on Business Relations. The object of this committee will be to show that the business men of the country have done a constructive job and performed their duty admirably toward their employees, their shareholders and their government." A Financial Post special article on Mr. Dawson on September 15, 1934, summed it all up very fittingly: "The College of Heralds should give him a crest consisting of a grindstone rampant on a field of azure".

Dodging the Issue

THE NATIONAL Employment Commission have finally secured the services of an expert in their field of work. The Canadian Welfare Council have temporarily released their Executive Director, Miss Charclotte Whitton, for service with the Commission, and it is to be hoped that the Commission will put into effect some of the comprehensive schemes for the relief and rehabilitation of the unemployed advocated by the Council. There is an ominous note in the official announcement, however, which says that Miss Whitton is to concern herself with certain aspects of the co-ordination of public and private welfare services. Does this mean that the Commission contemplates throwing back on private social agencies responsibility for the provision of relief which rightly belongs to the public authority, and which the private agency could not hope even to begin to carry? Another ominous note in the same key is the campaign of the Canadian Red Cross for $750,000.00 to aid a quarter of a million drought sufferers. What earthly difference $3.00 more per drought sufferer will make to these desperately pressed Canadians it is hard to say. The amount is ridiculous in the matter of relief needs alone. No private agency can hope to initiate the schemes of resettlement, irrigation, soil conservation, occupational and agricultural readjustment necessary to provide some permanent amelioration in the condition of this section of Canada. Seventy-five thousand dollars is a good round figure nevertheless, and gives a nice comfortable feeling that something is being done, while the government continues to dodge the fundamental problem of reconstruction and makes this problem appear just another aspect of the relief problem, which it decidedly is not.

How to Spend Your Christmas Money

IF YOU HAVE $3.00 left after balancing up your Santa Claus accounts the very best use you can make of it is to join the Consumers' Union (55 Vandam St., New York). It publishes a monthly bulletin on the commodities which we consumers buy, and an annual consumers' guide. The last bulletin, for November, dealt with radios, electric toasters, 1937 automobiles, winter oils, children's shoes, wines and baking powder. Consumers' Union has been oper-

ating for seven months and has now 18,000 members in Canada and the United States. Every intelligent housewife (and her husband) ought to be a regular reader of its reports. Reduced club membership fees are available for students, members of trade unions, consumer clubs and other organizations.

If you are a teacher you should be a subscriber to the Social Frontier (44 West 90th Street, New York; $2.50 per year). It is a monthly "journal of educational criticism and reconstruction," edited by George S. Counts of Columbia, which believes that the main problems facing teachers today do not have to do with the techniques of the teaching process but are those concerned with the relationship of the school to society, with the class struggle in our society, with the question whether the school can be an agency in social reconstruction. The Social Frontier is not taken in the University of Toronto, being apparently considered as too dangerous for the tender-minded academics who inhabit that institution. Its editorial board includes such reds as Charles A. Beard, Boyd H. Bode, Merle Curti, George A. Coe, John Dewey (who writes for it), H. P. Fairchild, Joseph K. Hart, Broadus Mitchell and Lewis Mumford.

Your Morning Paper

THE EXCITEMENT over the amalgamation of Toronto's two morning papers has now pretty well died down. Everyone in the publishing business had long known that there was no room financially for two papers in the morning field in Toronto; and everyone except the blindest of political partisans had long known that there was no real difference in outlook between the Globe and the Mail. Their amalgamation will do something to help Ontario to realize that the distinctions between Tories and Grits are nothing more than those between ins and outs. The quality of the new paper, now that we have had a few weeks to test it, has confirmed the worst fears of the deepest pessimist. But that does not worry anyone outside of the Toronto area; for the rest of Canada long ago concluded that Toronto gets the kind of newspapers it deserves.

The new regime in Toronto is another illustration of the crisis which faces the morning newspaper. Improvements in the technique of collecting and printing the news have enabled the afternoon papers to get the first chance at much of the news which used to appear first in the morning. This factor, together with the improved technique of special features, personal interest stuff and general sensationalism which the afternoon papers have been developing for the last generation, has resulted in the slow decline of the morning paper all across Canada. In recent years the Toronto Star has been replacing the Globe even in rural Ontario. The morning paper may reply, as the new Globe and Mail seems about to do, with sensationalism of its own, but it will probably continue to fight a losing battle on this field. If it is to cultivate a field of its own—and both it and its afternoon rival face new threats now in the radio and the tabloid picture sheet—it must go back to become the serious newspaper which our fathers used to read and which has been successfully modernized in such journals as the New York Times, the London Times or Daily Telegraph, or The Manchester Guardian.

Even in Canada, even in Toronto, there is a large body of readers who would like to get regular continuous and reliable news about what is going on in the outer world; who would like to read editorials and special articles written by men with an authoritative knowledge of politics, economics and history; who, in short, would like to have this complex contemporary world interpreted for them each morning by men whose competence they could trust. There is no reason why a Toronto morning paper shouldn't give us the benefit of the news services of the New York Times. It would capture a body of readers by this policy which the Star and the Tely could never hope to take from it, and which probably even the radio will not be able to carry off. Instead of this the new management is proceeding to give us Walter Winchell and Gracie Allen, and it is experimenting tentatively with an anti-communist campaign. We shall probably discover in the long run, that, under modern technological conditions, the morning paper can only survive by becoming a journal for the intelligent part of the community.

The tragic aspect of the recent events in Toronto is that a modern community is helplessly dependent for its news services upon the business deals of a few profit-seeking millionaires. Killam, having found that it wasn't worth what it was costing him to conduct anti-Hydro propaganda in Ontario, sells out to Wright who is interested in making money out of mining promotion in the north country and in horse racing. Democracy will not work unless our citizen body is given a reliable picture of its unseen environment through the daily press; the public cannot make decisions about communal policy unless it is provided with a trustworthy basis of knowledge about the issues on which it is asked to decide. The function of giving the news is far more vitally important today than it ever was before. Yet we leave this function to be performed by groups of newspaper owners who are ceasing more and more even to have the professional interest of working newspapermen in their job, and who invest in a paper or a chain of papers solely for the money they

calculate to make out of the investment. They may, in fact, be in the newspaper business for much more sinister purposes than this. We are fortunate so far in Canada in not having produced a Hearst, though the lord of the Montreal Star is usually a pretty good imitation. Our two chains in the hands of the Southam and Sifton families happen to be controlled by men of some genuine public spirit. But we have no guarantee for the continuance of the public spirit in the owners who will inherit the control or to whom it will be sold in some future transaction. The freedom of the press in Canada, as in the United States and Great Britain, is the freedom of a few monopolistic millionaire owners to condition the minds of the public by colouring the news as they see fit.

The fundamental issues of our society today are class issues, and the owners of our newspapers all belong to one class. The great advertisers, from whom the papers get most of their revenue, belong to the same class. And the cost of breaking into the daily newspaper field makes it impossible for any point of view hostile to the interests of that class, or to what that class supposes to be its interests, to be effectively presented. This is what the freedom of the press has come to in our day. The pretence of our papers that they present fairly all sides of vital class issues in their columns is so patently dishonest as not to be worth discussing.

What is the solution of this problem of reporting the news fairly and intelligently to our modern mass democracy? The recent elections in the United States have shown a deep public disillusionment with the daily press. The electors obviously had become agnostics about the beliefs which the Liberty Leaguers and their newspaper allies were trying to instil into them. They broke away from the papers and voted for Roosevelt. This is the most encouraging thing that has happened of late in any modern democracy. But of course it doesn't solve the problem of how the public is to get its news in our large-scale complex communities. On the other hand the U.S.S.R., where the supplying of news is a function monopolized by the state, can hardly be taken as a model save by the fanatics who believe that the communist party has had a final revelation of the truth and can therefore be trusted properly to condition the minds of the public just as we trust the millionaire proprietors here.

Ultimately, we believe, the only satisfactory solution will be to trust the supplying of the news, under state control and ownership, to an organized body of professional journalists. They will have to go through the same severe training for their profession as do teachers and doctors for their professions; and they will have to achieve, if they are to perform their function successfully, a much greater degree of independence than the present teaching profession enjoys. This independence they can win for themselves only by proving that they are worthy of it. A public-spirited private foundation might experiment today with the building up of a daily journal in one of our big cities whose standards of competence and independence would gradually help to raise the standards of the profession as a whole. But in a regime of private profit we may look for a continuance of the steady decline in journalistic standards which we have been witnessing for the last generation.

The Canadian Forum
Short Story Contest

The Canadian Forum offers a prize of $50.00 in cash for the best short story submitted by March 15th, 1937. The following rules must be observed:

1 Stories must not exceed 2,000 words in length.

2 Stories may deal with any period or locale, but those with a contemporary Canadian setting will be given preference, other things being equal.

3 Manuscripts must be typed (double spaced) on one side only of the paper. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the title of the story only. Return postage must be enclosed.

4 Stories must reach the "Story Contest Editor, The Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada", on or before March 15th, 1937.

5 The Editor may publish in The Canadian Forum any story submitted, without remuneration. Those considered unsuitable for this purpose will be returned within one month of the date on which the award is announced.

6 Members of the Editorial Board and Staff of The Canadian Forum will not be eligible for this contest.

The following have kindly consented to act as judges: Morley Callaghan, distinguished Canadian novelist and short story writer; Bertram Brooker, novelist, artist, and editor of "The Yearbook of the Arts in Canada, 1936", and Earle Birney, literary editor of The Canadian Forum.

The name of the prize-winning author will be announced in the May issue of The Canadian Forum.

Socialists and the Monarchy

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

SENSIBLE PERSONS already recognize that most of the popular excitement over King Edward and Mrs. Simpson was unnecessary. Already a good deal of that stuff which we were devouring so eagerly in our newspapers a few weeks ago begins to look rather silly, and some of those editorial pundits and constitutional authorities who were wondering daily whether they would wake up next morning to find the British Empire still in exstence must be feeling rather silly. For the dear old Empire still survives, the number of unemployed in England is just the same, and the Canadian consumer is still paying high prices for his cottons in order that Mr. A. O. Dawson may pile up hidden reserves. The fact is that we all welcomed the dramatic crisis in King Edward's personal fortunes because if afforded us a perfect momentary release from the worries about the undramatic crisis which has been facing most of his subjects during seven years of a world depression. To be able to concentrate for a few days on an exciting romantic tangle in the lives of people in high society, especially when we all knew subconsciously that no one would suffer irretrievably after all, was a delicious escape into the world of make-believe of which our newspapers enabled us to make the most. Now the excitement is all over, and it begins to dawn upon us that the real problems which face us individually and collectively —unemployment, insecurity, war—have not been changed in the slightest. The monarchy has no contribution to make to the solution of these problems.

The chief service which the late excitement has done for us is to make it possible once more to discuss frankly the position of the monarchy in our social and political system. King Edward's obstinate preference for his own personal convenience has done much to destroy overnight the pious myths about the monarchy which have been so sedulously instilled into our minds for two generations and which were having the effect of surrounding the throne with an aura of sanctity that was becoming dangerous to the democratic way of life. For that service all radicals will long owe him a debt of gratitude.

Republicanism as an active force is practically non-existent in Great Britain and throughout the Empire except in the Irish Free State and in sections of South Africa. Radicals of all kinds, including socialists, have tacitly agreed to accept the monarchy as part of the constitution. This acceptance is based upon the proviso that the monarchy must stand in a position of dignified neutrality above the party struggle, and it is subject to withdrawal if ever the monarchy does lend its support actively to one of the rival parties. But so successful has the monarchy been during the last two generations in maintaining the constitutional proprieties that most people today are unaware how recent a phenomenon the modern popular monarchy is.

Until the middle of Queen Victoria's reign republicanism remained part of the creed of the radical middle and working class in England. The newspapers and the masses expressed their opinions about the monarch quite freely. As late as the 1870's it was possible for such prominent men as Chamberlain and Dilke to avow in public their preference for republican forms of government. When Bagehot wrote his classical treatise on the English Constitution in 1867 the difficulties in the way of getting a satisfactory constitutional monarch were pointed out in a realistic matter-of-fact tone that would shock our present generation. It was not until some years after this that the Queen became the object of a mystical worship which has made it impossible for anyone in our generation to talk or write publicly about the monarchy with the coolness and frankness of Bagehot and his predecessors.

Since the 1870's there has been deliberately built up an irrational mystical attitude towards the monarchy which by the 1930's was so prevalent that it had become positively dangerous. This was not merely a spontaneous growth. We know enough about the activities of Disraeli, who started the process, to know that it was to a considerable extent a deliberate artificial creation. And the groups who have been most assiduous in spreading the new worship among the masses have in private among themselves been completely cynical in the gossip which they exchanged with one another about the monarch and his personal qualities. (Read some of Dizzy's letters about the Faery.) The purpose of the new cult was to turn the monarchy into an emotional symbol of national unity and power, and so to blind the eyes of the masses to the essentially class nature of the government to which they owed allegiance. As the class struggle became more acute in Britain, and as the consciousness of conflicting class interests threatened to spread among the lower classes, those who were engaged in the propagation of the worship of monarchy redoubled their efforts. The pageantry of monarchy was developed with an imaginative ingenuity that amounted to genius: and the conception of the monarch as a semi-divine, yet

democratic, Father of his People was instilled into the popular mind by a skilful process of mass-suggestion which leaves the social psychologist gasping with admiration.*

Now the monarch is simply our senior civil servant. The usefulness of the monarchy as an instrument of government is a matter to be decided by purely utilitarian tests. And any influence which leads the public to substitute emotion for reason in their attitude towards the monarchy may be safely regarded as anti-democratic in its tendencies. Symbols may be necessary in our modern vast and complex societies, at any rate they are no doubt inevitable; but the function of a symbol may easily be to deceive as well as to symbolize.

Among its symbolical functions, so we are told every day by all the pundits, the monarchy serves as the only remaining link which holds the nations of the British Commonwealth together. Here is a clear instance where the function of the symbol is mainly to deceive. The nations of the Commonwealth will stick together with or without symbols so long as their comon interests and ideals have a stronger hold over them than the particular interests and ideals which tend towards separation. The function of this modern king-worship which has been built up in the Dominions is to keep the citizens of the Dominions from recognizing that they do have certain interests and ideals which differ from those of the people of Great Britain. In other words the function of monarchy here is to help us to subordinate our interests to those of Great Britain. It helps, in brief, to insure that we will be found fighting in the next British war. These recent events, which have led us in Canada to think more realistically about the monarchy, must have lessened the likelihood of Canadian participation in the next British war by at least two per cent.

In Great Britain itself the influence which this exaltation of the popular monarchy gives to the king has offered a constant temptation to the Tories to try to exploit the prestige of the monarchy for their own class purposes. Even so unromantic a writer as Lord Hugh Cecil in his book on Conservatism (1912) calls for a revival of the real power of the king and tells us that this is a part of the Conservative creed. And many Conservatives, when facing a political crisis, have yearned for the intrusion into politics of the Patriot King—of course on their own side. In the Home Rule crisis just before the war pressure was put on King George V both publicly and privately to intervene for the defeat of the Liberals. In the crisis of 1931 the monarch did play a part in the construction of the "national" government. About this latter case we have not sufficient information to pass judgment; in the 1912-14 case the king seems to have resisted the pressure to use him as a tory agent.

The prerogatives of the king are not clearly defined in English constitutional theory or practice. In fact the whole British system of government works so well only because there is no attempt to delimit those difficult marginal areas where the relative powers of the different organs of government are in doubt. But experience has shown that the only safe general rule is the Whig one that monarchial prerogatives should be restricted as narrowly as possible. The essence of Whiggism is that the king must follow the advice of his ministers on all public questions and that it is for the ministers to decide finally whether in any given action the king is acting in his public or in his private capacity. Only on such a basis is parliamentary government under a monarchy possible.

But during these recent events there were a considerable number of sentimentalists in the ranks of the C.C.F.—and the C.C.F. is full of soft-headed sentimentalists—who wanted to take the king's side against Mr. Baldwin. Partly they were moved by natural human sympathies towards a man who wished to choose his own wife. Partly they were moved by the generally sound instinct that any course of action approved by the Baldwin government is ipso facto wrong. King Edward had shown a personal interest in the suffering masses of the depressed areas. Should he not be supported against the most sinister government that Britain has had since the days of Lord North? This urge for action was, however, soon seen to be without real justification. The idea of the monarch heading any popular crusade for the righting of social wrongs is just wishful thinking on the part of a few romantic radicals. And the fact that this particular monarch lived by preference among the social set of which Mrs. Simpson is a typical member is sufficient testimony as to the real range of his social interests.

Socialists may agree that the staid respectable monarchy of the English bourgeoisie has achieved a potentially dangerous influence in the community which might easily be manoeuvred in a crisis for the class purposes of Conservatism. But this new type of popular crusading monarchy—a People's King—would be far more dangerous. For, as the Churchills and Rothermeres immediately sensed, here was a chance to take the first step towards a fascist government. There is not much likelihood that

---

* On the subject of the modern monarchy and politics see Kingsley Martin—The Evolution of Popular Monarchy (Political Quarterly, April, 1936); H. J.. Laski—The Crisis and the Constitution: 1931 and After (Day to Day Pamphlets, Hogarth Press, 1932). On the modern retreat from reason see Leonard Woolf — Quack, Quack! (Hogarth Press, 1935.)

any of the British nations will ever fall for the crude histrionics of the Italian baritone or for the overwrought hysteria of the German madman. But a fascist movement, with its appeal to anti-rational emotion, with its glorification of a mysterious national unity which somehow overcomes class divisions, with its vague promises of economic reconstruction for the benefit of the poor, needs a figurehead with a capacity for attracting a mass following. In our English-speaking societies one would search long before discovering a more suitable figurehead than a restless and supposedly unorthodox wearer of the crown.

It may as well be frankly stated that in the increasingly acute class conflicts which are going to make up the subject-matter of politics during the next generation it will be more and more difficult for the monarch not to show a bias towards his own class. If socialists accept the monarchy, therefore, the only safe course for them is to be good Whigs in their attitude towards it, to refuse to participate in this cult of king-worship which has started again with the new king, and to insist that in all cases the king must follow the advice of his ministers. For they should be looking forward to the day when socialist ministers will be giving socialist advice to the king.

Towards a National Theatre

A SIDELIGHT ON THE NEW DEAL

HALF A MILLION new theatre-goers patronizing the legitimate stage every week; two million more, 75% of whom had never seen a legitimate drama before, attending stage productions brought to them through portable theatre units; a marionette section which has played to over one million spectators; new playwrights stimulated to write plays with definite social values—these are only part of the first year's achievement of the U. S. Federal Theatre Project, which has brought legitimate drama of the highest standard to millions of average people at movie prices and less. The plays have high artistic value, ranging from Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot, and a social content which would not appeal to the Broadway producers.

An example of the type of plot and technique evolved specially for the project is the Living Newspapers, which presents in dramatic form a commentary on current events. "Triple A Ploughed Under" presented by this unit, is a review of the plight of the farmer. "Injunction Granted" is a history of the American Labor Movement. "Turpentine" is an outspoken presentation of the depressed condition of the American negro. Various nationality groups have their own units, including French, Italian, Cuban, Irish, Mexican, Yiddish, Greek.

A dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here" is being given in 21 theatres in 18 cities—and in several languages.

The activities of the Federal Theatre Project are not limited to the production of plays. Teaching theatre technique is an integral part of the project and there are dramatic directors working through the schools and in social and recreational centres. The intention is not to make histrionic geniuses but to stimulate interest, develop speech, poise, and self-expression, and give an acquaintanceship with the works of the masters of the drama. There is a research group called the Play Bureau which among other activities develops new plays and issues lists of plays suitable for amateur groups. Playwrights are definitely encouraged to write on the social aspects of the contemporary scene. A magazine called the "Federal Theatre" is published.

Twelve-thousand, five-hundred people are engaged in this project, which cost $6,700,000.00 in its first year of operation. The funds come from the treasury of the U. S. A. The entire project is a work relief measure!

Thousands of out-of-work actors, artists, writers stagehands, ushers, watchmen, cleaners, clerks, teachers, costumers and others have been put to work. Darkened theatres have been opened. Millions of people have been enabled to see good drama—and all through relief. It is the hope of those responsible that this project may provide the beginning of a National Theatre in the U. S.

This is an outstanding example of how work relief projects may go beyond the level of ditch digging. It shows how money that must in any case be spent to prevent the unemployed from starving may, with the use of little imagination, be used to the advantage of their souls as well, and for the cultural advancement of all of us.

Is such a project impossible in Canada? It would of course be on a smaller scale. The principle, however, the use of foresight, imagination and trained administrators in the handling of the relief problem, we commend to our Canadian Employment Commission.

MARTIN COHN.

The Weariest River

ELEANOR McNAUGHT.

A weary river finds the sea
Down where the brood of Lazarus swarms.
Turgid and slow the waters go,
With all the filth a town can throw
In its patient, sprawling arms.

Here each Christmas Eve comes Dives down,
With cotton beard and crimson gown.
He carries a pail of water clean,
And, standing where he may be well seen,
He pours it into the crawling brown.

Then turns about with beneficent glow,
Warmed by the plaudits his friends bestow,
And homeward goes for another year
Of peace on his earth and much good cheer,
Forgetting the cauldron that churns below.

Verity Jones, the sob writer for the Daily Standpat,
Began each November to call at the homes of the proletariat,
Searching for woeful tales with which to open the purses
Of opulent citzens. She went there with unwilling nurses,
Who didn't want Verity probing into the poverty
Of people they liked. But the nurses had to have charity
To carry on with. So Verity wrote of the cold, blue
Legs of hungry children. Of the two year old who
Had a withered arm and went by street car to the clinic
When its mother had fished out its clothes from the barrel
That held all the rags of the family. There was a slight quarrel
About the two who had measles, in bed, in the one-roomed home.
The end of the bed touched the stove, and spattering fat from
The pan spotted the quilt of old patches. "This room
Must be placarded now," said the nurse, in a voice that was tired
With troubles. And Verity climbed dark stairs that were wired
With flapping, dank-smelling washings that never saw sunlight,
Cornering the haggard, nursing mothers, to get all the details right,
Of the numbers of children, and the authenticity of their need.
The money of Dives must be well spent, and any evidence of greed
On the part of the poor must be checked. Then Verity Jones
Went back to her desk to write tales designed to move stones
To tears. A column each day. And money came pouring in
From conscience-pricked brokers, and out-of-works and sick-a-beds,
And bereaved ones, and people whose hearts are more easy to move than their heads.
So the Santa Claus baskets were packed, and on Christmas Eve
The Editor said to Verity Jones, "Miss Jones, I believe
It would be a good idea if, to-morrow, you went to the places
You've written about. Write some more. Tell of their faces
When they've seen the baskets unpacked. You know, that sort of thing.
A good follow-up story. Our subscribers would all like to hear."
On the paper things often fall flat between Christmas and New Year.
So, on Christmas morning, Verity went back to see the proletariat
Enjoying their Christmas baskets. She wore her oldest hat,
But, standing in their doorways, in the same raw, close air,
She saw the same gaunt faces and the unsatisfied stare
Of waiting eyes. Toys, oranges, a sweater, a cold, bare floor,
And to-morrow and to-morrow going on, just as all the days before,
Except for the orange peel in the meagre garbage. So Verity went away
Silently, and she did not turn in a story on the following day.

The weary tide is slowing now.
The mouth of the river is almost filled.
Blocked at last, it must turn in wrath,
Fair and foul in its witless path,
Ere its fury be spent and stilled.

Another Design for Living

J. C. K. McNAUGHT

WITH world affairs as they now are, it is almost certain that Canada will find herself at war, perhaps in the near future. If that war were likely to be one upon whose issue her freedom and happiness directly depended the prospect, however terrible, would be one we should have to face. It is probable, on the contrary, that we could keep out of it and lose nothing of life or liberty. Its causes will be remote from us, the result of tensions in which we play no part; and we shall enter it, at least nominally, because under the Crown we are citizens of the British Empire. If we were actually independent, acknowledging no sovereignty but our own, we might well remain at peace. It may therefore be useful to consider independence as a possibility and to review some of its implications.

It is obvious that among the first consequences of secession would be our exposure, without the protection of the Royal Navy and the collective might of Imperial forces, to invasion by a predatory power. Our own standing army and reserves, and still more our navy, are too numerically weak to be of great service in such an event; nor is it sensible to expect that our present population would or could support the cost of adequate defense. On the other hand, it need not be assumed that armed invasion would inevitably follow our detachment from the Crown; no power might wish to attack, and those which conceivably would covet us appear now either to be preparing for quite other aggressions or for a struggle to hold what they already have. And since death is equally final whether it comes by defending one's self or some one else, our vulnerability would perhaps hold no greater danger than our Imperial alliance does now.

It is also possible that we overestimate the value of our remaining within the Empire. Signor Mussolini's successful capture of Ethiopia has already brought about a new Imperial orientation. The way is manifestly being smoothed for a frank admission by His Majesty's Government that the Mediterranean can no longer be considered an unimpeded passage to India; and the connotations of that are staggering. The one which perhaps most directly concerns Canada is that under modern conditions Britain cannot always protect her best interests abroad. That should be remembered, and it should be remembered as well that England is menaced so terribly from the air as to make an extraordinary and growing diversion of energy and money absolutely essential for simple domestic safety. It is surely possible that in the next war England might not only need the help of Canada more than she ever did in the last, but be appreciably less able to return protection for that help.

On the economic side it is difficult to see how secession could injure Canada. Mr. Grover Clark has shown in his book, The Balance Sheet of Imperialism, that no great imperial power gets as much as a fifth of its raw materials and foodstuffs from Empire sources. The amount of purely British capital now invested in Canada is surpassed by that from the United States; and it is scarcely probable that English business men would disturb their holdings in a burst of chauvinism. Nor does it seem likely that Canadian trade with Britain and her remaining dominions and colonies would be abruptly choked off, or even diminished, from the same motive. Whatever one may think of the profit system, one must admit that its exponents are seldom deeply influenced by considerations of emotion. And the character of Threadneedle Street is not in this respect much unlike that of the Bourse, Wall Street, or even the Place d'Armes; the music of clinking coins is as international as the music of a violin.

Politically there need be no revolution, other than technically, to bring an independent Canada into being. As a new North American republic we could continue almost unchanged. There is no reason why we should not retain the good features of our British institutions as well as the rather less admirable ones which are relatively satisfactory to our real masters. It is even possible that while we were about the business of framing a constitution certain improvements might be suddenly introduced; but at the least we could develop precisely as we are doing now. The fascinating process of trial and error, of questioning and striving, could proceed unchecked. There would be plenty of room for Mr. Bennett and Mr. Woodsworth. Persons in Rosedale or Westmount could view with alarm quite as comfortably under a republic: and those not so fortunate would have no greater difficulty in starving. We should no longer be able to look forward to resounding titles, nor gape at the pageants which remind us of our heritage; but even there we could, if enough of us wanted it, arrange rewards and spectacles of our own.

Morally the secession of the Dominion, especially for the selfish reason that its inhabitants wished to go on living in peace and comfort, might once have been considered an act of treachery and base ingratitude. Now, however, the conduct of His

Majesty's Government throughout the recent Ethiopian crisis has put a different complexion upon matters of mere honour and obligation. With such an example before him, a Canadian who should presume to set the welfare of his country before any other consideration need scarcely feel a traitor, nor blush for his cynical opportunism; the playing-fields of Eton, upon which the battle of Waterloo was won, have become the scene of another sort of victory. If nevertheless he wished to preserve an old-fashioned sense of self-respect, and was reluctant to abandon altogether the ideal of helping weaker nations than his own and of working in amity with stronger, the possibility of such a course would still lie at hand. Canada might withdraw, not only from the British Empire but from the League of Geneva, for reasons essentially the same, and yet further a generous conception of peace.

This other secession, while on the surface equally reprehensible, is perhaps even more justified. Its most enthusiastic advocates can hardly take comfort or pride in the showing of the League of Nations thus far; and it is not easy to see the likelihood of a better one in the future. It has been unable to solve a single one of the really important international problems with which it was created to deal, and it has done nothing effective, when confronted by force and determination, to protect minorities within its scope. Continued membership for Canada may thus be merely futile in respect to any practical unselfish good she might do, while at the same time keeping her open to the chance of a European entanglement. And withdrawal from Geneva would not necessarily mean that Canadians had, in the scornful words of Mr. J. M. Macdonell, "made themselves believe in some way that we can live and die apart from Europe." It is entirely possible to live in many and fruitful relations with that continent while reserving the right to do our dying at home.

And at home, or at any rate comparatively close to it, a road may soon be opening toward another society of nations, which although in the strict sense regional, would have purposes no less noble and almost certainly more practically workable than those in which Geneva has so ignominiously failed; arising, indeed, precisely out of that failure. Dissatisfaction with their membership in the League is growing very rapidly among the republics of South America. It may easily lead to a league of American states, with American concerns paramount. We all know that the United States has never been a member of the body which was its own creation; Guatamela has already resigned, Ecuador has shown a distinct official disinclination to join in concerted League action, and Mexico has indicated that she may soon withdraw altogether. Against this tendency away from Europe there is a parallel swing toward greater understanding between the Americas, and a very marked improvement in the relations of the southern States with their great neighbor to the north. Fear and distrust on this side of the Atlantic are diminishing simultaneously with an increasing disillusionment and disbelief in the good faith and sense of Europe. Should the opportunity present itself of membership for Canada in a Pan-American League of Nations, failure to take advantage of it and to bear our share of the work might prove to be a treachery not only base but profoundly stupid and short-sighted as well. We can scarcely claim adult status as a nation without making the mature consideration of our actual and intimate interests the basis of our foreign policy. Our national policy should be as little hampered by sentiment as we see other policies beyond our shores to be.

Not to acknowledge that an absolute change in national philosophies is taking and has taken place around us would be to close our eyes to plain facts. There is now something faintly ridiculous in the attitude of those Canadians who a mere generation ago were admirable sons of an admirable mother. We have gone to war at England's side, have borne ourselves bravely, have died and been maimed, out of a sense of duty and a hope that our sacrifice might help to bring a kindlier and more intelligent shape to life in our time, a better world for our children. Twenty years after, what do we see? What use has it all been? Midwives at what we were told was a fortunate birth, we discover instead that we only assisted the coming of a monster. Hatred and prejudice stalk abroad and the air is full of sinister threats, uglier and more preposterous even than those we once challenged so hopefully. The old countries have failed us as well as themselves; why should we not, with a cynicism as frank as their own, fail them? If we honestly want peace and are powerless to keep it except for ourselves and our near neighbors, why should we not take any action we can contrive toward that end?

We shall of course take no such action. The name of God will again be invoked over our needless graves, and we shall answer, as we did before, the old call of the bugles. It will not be magnificent, but it will be war.

The Church Today on War

J. LAVELL SMITH

JOHN FAIRFAX has placed us all in his debt by the publication of CANADIAN CHURCHES AND THE LAST WAR, in the November number of THE CANADIAN FORUM. This well documented article makes painfully clear the attitude, official and unofficial, of Canadian churchmen during the war. It reveals a situation that was surely lamentable. But that is not all that it reveals. To those who are in the least acquainted with the life and thought of the Church in Canada to-day, these twenty-year-old quotations will indicate, not only how far the Church had to move after 1918, but equally clearly, how far it has actually succeeded in moving since then.

In an interview recently published, the Archbishop of York points out the unwisdom of any individual's or indeed any assembly's venturing to speak "in the name of the Church." Resolutions passed in synods and conferences may receive a majority of the votes cast, yet, were they to be submitted to the total church membership for approval, they might be defeated emphatically. All that can be claimed for the utterance of any churchman, or the resolution of any conference, is that it expresses the mind of that churchman or conference.

This fact needs to be remembered when one examines the quotations made by Mr. Fairfax. That individuals spoke these words, and assemblies passed these resolutions, there can be no denying, but that the entire Church felt and believed these things, is another matter. There were at least some brave voices in those days when the technique of war propaganda was so skillful and so misleading. Likewise, there were many humble folk, fathers and mothers especially, who hated war and opposed it in all their arguing, yet who were too timid (were we not all timid?) to make their voices heard in the land. Probably on the whole, the folk in Church were as well informed on these issues as those outside and no better. They were as likely to be deceived by clever propaganda as were the members of any other voluntary association of people. For while "the Church" has an entity of its own, its membership consists purely and simply of men and women in various walks of life, who are not likely to be any more intelligent in their capacity of churchmen than in any other capacity, e.g. as lawyers, business men, housewives.

Looking back from this distance, we can see that we should all have known better than to talk and act as we did in 1914. Business men might have been expected to know that a major war would dislocate world trade indefinitely. But, whether they knew or not, they jumped in and cheered like the rest. Statesmen might have been expected to know better, but they had allowed themselves to become involved in secret alliances which prejudiced their judgment. Professors of history and economics might have been expected to tell of the economic laws which would be broken, of historical records of costly and futile wars. But none of these groups was conspicuously active in opposition to war.

As one who was a young man in those war years, looking for the lead of wiser and more experienced men, I do not recall being warned either of the wastefulness nor of the futility of war, by any of these folk. Indeed, my earliest army service was under command of university professors. I am not complaining about this. I am merely suggesting that now that Mr. Fairfax has revealed the bad record of "the Church" in the last war, he might go on to reveal the record, good or bad, of "the University" or "the Bar" or "the Warehouse."

Only by thus completing the survey will any true picture be given. It is my own conviction that, even in those dark days, there were more individual voices raised in condemnation of war, within "the Church" than outside its bounds.

But we must not try to evade the sting of Mr. Fairfax's criticism. Let it be admitted that the representatives of the Church should have known better. The enlightened prophets of Old Testament times had preached the futility of war, and had told of a world that should have enduring peace. The Man of Nazareth had preached the gospel of peace and had gone to a cross rather than avail Himself of the methods of violence. Through three centuries the Christian Church had abjured war and only with the "conversion' of Constantine had adjusted its teaching to suit the Emperor and his warriors. The record of the intervening centuries was stained with the voices that produce, and are themselves the product of, war.

The Church professed to instruct the people in the good and abundant life. It existed with the avowed purpose of overcoming evil with good. Yes! the Church leaders should have known better.

By singling out the Church for criticism, Mr. Fairfax, consciously or unconsciously, has paid tribute to the Church. He is not, apparently, shocked at the flag-waving of the other groups mentioned above, but is shocked (and so am I) at the records

of flag-waving within the Church. The Church should have known better.

Well the Church is coming to know better. No useful purpose would be served by our setting forth at length the resolutions of church assemblies during the last fifteen years. Suffice it to say that their number has been legion, and that they have condemned war in round terms—as a crime against humanity, as contrary to the teaching and spirit of Jesus, as sinful in the sight of God. I know of no series of resolutions emanating from any other sort of convention or association which have been so consistently opposed to war as the resolutions of church assemblies have been of late.

The value of these resolutions may be questioned. They may sometimes have been passed by delegates who were inadquately informed on the implications of that for which they voted. Nor does the passing of a resolution necessarily mean that the majority of church members favor it. Yet these numerous resolutions against war, which range all the way from approval of collective security to absolute pacifism, are indicative of much heart-searching and downright sincerity of purpose.

It may also be pointed out that, while our Canadian churchmen have not themselves been conspicuous in their production of anti-war literature, yet they have found in the material produced in the mother Churches in Britain, and in sister Churches in the United States, a heritage which could be rightly claimed. The writing of H. R. L. (Dick) Sheppard, Maude Royden, Leyton Richards and others have come from England. Under the Scottish Ministers' Peace Movement, some excellent material has been produced by H. H. Farmer of Westminster College, and G. H. C. MacGregor of Glasgow. Richard Roberts and Stanley Russell, now ministers in Canada, have been outspoken leaders, and Harry Emerson Fosdick has made his New York pulpit a rostrum for the denunciation of war. At least two leading Canadian church papers have, within the last several years, given editorial support to frankly pacifist views. Their advocacy of peace has not, to my knowledge, been equalled in Canada.

As individuals, Canadian churchmen are in considerable numbers committed to non-participation in warfare of any kind, and it can only be by a blinding of their eyes or a denial of their solemn vows that these particular churchmen will ever again support war.

□ ● □

Another Month

A QUARTER-MILLION Canadians still suffering from prairie drought famine are discovered by editors... Canadian wheat soars beyond $1.20 as England, Germany jockey to corner grain before the next Atlantic Blockade . . . Hitler sighs for three million tons and pushes trade agreements to make Canada buy German goods in return . . . Germany bans art criticism, confiscates foreign moneys of its natives, deprives Thomas Mann of citizenship, conscripts all children into Nazi youth organizations, commandeers all garbage, and passes laws to prevent the punishment of anyone who encourages others to commit suicide . . .

The Mother Grundy of Parliaments gives Egypt one of her periodic freedoms, including a table at the seances of the League, and the usual arrangement for the maintenance of full English garrisons in Egyptian towns for the next twenty years . . . At home the Labour Party is helping Baldwin the King-Breaker to push through a bill stripping Mosleyites of their shirts and, incidentally, providing legal means to stop picketing, workers' parades in Tory districts, and heckling (cockney or aristocratic).

The right-wing dictatorships and pro-Wall Street republics of the Latin America attend an extra big fireside chat by Neighbour Roosevelt, who speaks on Democratocracy and the inconvenience of noticing what goes on in the other continents . . . The U.S. Navy begins construction of a fifteen-million dollar floating drydock to enable the Pacific fleet to recuperate from shell fire without leaving foreign waters . . .

Fifty bug-ridden, leaky, Oshawa shacks, condemned for lack of sewer and water, continue to be the enforced home of more than fifty families of workless . . . Col. R. S. McLaughlin of Oshawa purchases one of Bermuda's largest and most idyllic estates, complete with bath for each of the eight bedrooms, and a swimming pool . . .

Hitler allows Ossietsky out of concentration camp long enough to tell reporters that he can't come to Norway for the Nobel Prize . . . Norway prepares to oust Trotsky, does not allow him out of solitary detention long enough to pursue his libel suit against fascist and Stalinist newspapers . . . Moscow continues to find Trotskyites, this time masquerading as scientists, and prepares another court-martial, which is rumoured to involve Bukharin and the famed geologist Volgin . . . Convicted Nazi wrecker is pardoned on pressure from Hitler.

Saturday Night announces the return of Canadian prosperity, notes eighteen million dollar increase in tax collection, advises buying chemical and steel wares, and Vickers . . . The Montreal Public debt is $272,000,000 . . . Montreal Vickers constructs five Canadian bombers . . . Ten-storey buildings in Madrid are virtually levelled by five-hundred pound aerial bombs . .

Enough Nazis land in one day at Cadiz to replace all the losses to Franco's Moors and Morons in the siege of Madrid . . . French Communist Party stops urging Blum to intervene . . . One of the seven amendments accepted to the new Soviet Constitution is proposed by the French General Staff to ensure that Russia will follow France in any "defensive" war with Germany . . . The other 1547 amendments are unanimously rejected, the constitution approved, and kulaks and priests given leave to join workers in voting for Stalin . . .

Ex-Emperor Antony II leaves England to begin life at forty-two.

RUFUS.

New Towns for Old

HUMPHREY CARVER

THE SENTIMENTALITIES of that age, its costumes and classical education, lie at the bottom of the scrap-heap under a debris of rusty kitchen ranges, discarded umbrellas and twisted skeletons of Model T. That period passed into history and left the Mean Streets as its world-wide memorial. The English captains of industry, resplendent in Norfolk jacket and Old School Tie, built out of the alluvial London clay those fog-bound alleys to light his way through which the cockney aims his beam of humour. And that commercial aristocracy of the New World, famous at least for the elegance of its cigarette-smoking wives, on the crowded rock of Manhattan island raised dark tenements of unprecedented density. Meanwhile on the wide slopes above Toronto Bay axe-men were clearing the land for old-country carpenters to build the shacks where rats and Canadian babies now play hide and seek.

An historical period passes and we return to England to witness the great Exodus. English families and their rickety babies are being led out of captivity twenty-six thousand in a month. (This is not a Bible story but a slum clearance statistic for the Fall of 1936. During three months of this year, we learn, 146 local authorities at a cost of $150 million approved plans for 43,000 new homes for the families of the Exodus.)*

The same historical period passes. The same tenements stand gloomily on Manhattan Island, and the Canadian rats have to thank you and me that they are still kept off the streets.

A survey‡ of Housing conditions in 96 American cities has shown that of more than 2,000,000 homes inspected, 20 per cent had no indoor sanitary facilities and even fewer had bath or shower. In the country, four out of five homes have no running water and three quarters of them have neither gas nor electricity. Such is the great American standard of living. It is improbable that Canadian housing statistics could show a marked superiority over those in the United States for even in the larger cities we find that of the homes occupied by their owner, 14 per cent. are valued at less than $2,000, and some indication of the conditions of tenant households in the cities is revealed in the fact that 15.7 per cent pay less than $15 a month for rent. To obtain a very broad conception of the scale of operations necessary to clear the slums, replace housing deficiencies and abolish overcrowding; let it be assumed that 15 per cent. of existing dwellings in the Dominion should be condemned; it would then be necessary to rehouse 150,000 rural households and 190,000 urban households, which would require a programme for the construction of 34,000 dwellings a year for 10 years. (That this is not an extravagant estimate may be judged from the fact that it would permit quota for the Montreal area considerably smaller than that suggested in the 1935 Report published by the Montreal Board of Trade.)

Such estimates serve only to indicate the vast proportions of the task with which we are faced. So vast indeed does it appear to be that criticism of the whole process of urbanization is inevitably raised. A Federal programme which visualizes the rehousing of a population equal to that of the city of Montreal and its environs, one tenth of our entire population, demands serious consideration of the whole pattern of our rural-urban civilization. We see the Canadian situation as but a variant of the world-wide need to escape from the deficiencies of organization that belong to an immature period of industrial development. It is the inevitable misfortune of history that the land was planned and built upon, not in a period of exact science and artistic perception, but in a period of confusion, haste and industrial adolescence. The shape of the conglomerate city into which the virtue of nations has been drained was originally dictated by the necessity for industries to congregate around the terminals for unloading of fuel; workers settled within the timezone of half an hour's walk or car ride and located at random throughout these settlements arose the points of retail distribution.

But the limitations which governed this pattern have not ceased to exist. Power is no longer concentrated at fixed unloading points but is distributed along lines of infinite contact. The workers' timezone has been extended ten times by the development of highway and automobile design which enables dwellings to be separated as much as 20 miles from employment centres. Finally the organization of chain services, chain stores and chain entertainment have brought the benefits of the metropolis into outlying neighborhoods. For the de-oxygenized atmosphere of city we are at liberty to substitute the fresh air of sun and stars; for withered grass, unyielding pavements and confining walls we may exchange the expanses of meadows and long perspectives of lake and woodland. We may re-establish the ancient relationship between the families of man

* London Housing Centre Bulletin, October, 1936.

‡ Economist, September 5, 1936.

and the landscape in which his forefathers were raised generation upon generation.

This is the case for de-centralization, an argument unfortunately obscured by the sentimentality with which it is habitually presented.

Nowhere is the case for de-centralization more applicable than on the immeasurable acres of the American continent and nowhere are people less impervious to sentimentality. While waiting for the New Deal to give us a positive lead in American Housing we have been aware of a certain reluctance and hesitation to emulate the densities of European Housing. Although much of the delay in the appearance of the much discussed urban housing must be attributed to the difficulties of planting planned schemes in a mare's nest of realtors, yet it does not come altogether as a surprise to find that the first creative achievements are to be of a decentralized form. We had not, however, expected anything quite so fine in conception as the four "Greenbelt" Towns.

Each of these four model communities upon which construction has now begun, is within commuting distance of a congested city where there is expanding employment; each community is planned for the initial occupation of 1,000 families, to be expanded later to not more than three of four thousand. In the words of the manifesto of the Resettlement Administration, their programme is:

> †"To obtain a large tract of land, and thus avoid the complications ordinarily due to diverse ownership; in this tract to create a community, protected by an encircling green belt; the community to be be designed primarily for families of modest income, and arranged and managed so as to encourage a family and community life which will be better than they now enjoy, but which will not involve subjecting them to coercion or theoretical and untested discipline; the dwellings and the land upon which they are located to be held in one ownership, preferably a local public agency to which the Federal Government will transfer title, and which agency will rent or lease the dwellings but not sell them; a municipal government to be set up, in character with such governments now existing or possible in that region; coordination to be established in relation to the local and State governments, so that there may be provided those public services of educational and other character which the community will require; and, finally, to accomplish these purposes in such a way that the community may be a tax-paying participant in the region, that extravagant outlays from the individual family income will not be a necessity, and that the rents will be suitable to families of modest incomes.
>
> To develop a land-use plan for the entire tract; to devise a system of rural economy coordinated with the land use plan for the rural portions of the tract surrounding the suburban community; and to integrate both the physical plans and the economies of the rural area and the suburban community."

The plan of Greenbelt, Maryland, typical of the four projects, shows a community composed of 2,100 acres of farmland, 1,800 acres of parkland, 1,000 acres for home and 100 acres for community and store buildings. The significance of the projects is not in the delightful planning of each little town and its parks, nor is it in the conception of the whole lay-out as one architectural design, the co-operative product of architect, town-planner, landscape architect and engineer. The significance is in the establishment of an entirely new unit of civilization that is neither urban nor rural, but a blending of the two into a living organism.

Will the precedent of the four Greenbelt towns exercise as profound an influence upon the future form of our American civilizations as the new Housing estates are doing upon English life? It is too early yet to make any judgements on the economic aspect of this creation of the New Deal laboratory. One may, however, predict that, given a proper relation between rents and incomes, the kind of life encouraged by the Greenbelt type of community would form an aggressive attack upon the declining birth-rate which appears at present to be a greater economic menace than the expenditures of a few million dollars. The depressing characteristic of urban birth-rates cannot be entirely dissociated from the whole nature of life in the cities and is a condemnation of the present process of urbanization.

Urgent and cruel necessity compel us to undertake rehousing on slum-clearance land in the interiors of cities where the withering urban leprosy is found in its most deadly condition. But searching more deeply into the origins of the disease it may be traced to the marginal slums of the city where uncharted shacks are lost upon weedy deserts of empty real estate. And still further it may be pursued into the hinterland of farms which once were green and prosperous and now are tormented with uncertainty and disorganization. Industry in its abandoned career has upset the balance between the two component parts of the community and brought desolation to both.

---

† "Greenbelt Towns" Pamphlet. Resettlement Administration, Washington, D.C. Also see Architectural Record, September, 1936.

Every Man a Capitalist

EUGENE FORSEY

UNDER THIS TITLE (without acknowledgment to the late Huey Long) the Financial Post has published a new statistical defence of capitalism. In the main it follows the lines of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce's "release" on the same subject. But the appropriately named authors of this article, N. W. Ayer and Son, of Canada, have availed themselves of some additional material, which merits examination.

They begin on a familiar note, lamenting the "confusion as to just what a capitalist is." It does not take them long to clear things up; just four short sentences and a small picture: "It is a fact that the farmer is as definitely a capitalist as the industrialist. So is the owner of a small grocery store, or a garage, or a filling station. So, for that matter, is the owner of a life insurance policy or a savings account. All too often the man who is himself a capitalist fails to recognize the fact." At this point comes the picture: a gentleman with pince-nez, a bow tie and several chins, unflattering labelled "Average Citizen," glaring ferociously into a mirror from which his reflection, marked "Capitalist", beams mildly back at him.

This states the thesis. The rest of the article is an attempt to prove it.

Exhibit A is life insurance. "The Canadian ... is insistent still upon taking care of his family through his own efforts. And he is fully capable of doing so." Ayer and Son have evidently never heard of relief, nor, perhaps, are they aware that the average income of employed wage- and salary-earners in 1931 was $927 for men and $569 for women, and that the average wage in manufacturing in 1934 was $837. They proceed: "Canadian owners of one or more ordinary, industrial and fraternal policies number approximately five million . . . or practically every other man, woman and child in Canada."

A United Front among capitalist statisticians is one of the needs of the hour. The Canadian Chamber of Commerce, it may be remembered, puts the number of policyholders at only three-and-a-half million; and it is not at all clear how either of these authorities derives its figures from the official statistics in the Canada Year Book. When Ayer and Son go on to say that "the average coverage is about $1,400," my perplexity deepens; for the Canada Year Book shows an average per policy of about $1,000 for over six million policies. If $1,400 is the average per policyholder, it follows that each policyholder has about 1.4 policies. Dividing this into the number of policies (about 6,350,000) we get about 4,500,000 policyholders, which corresponds neither to the Ayer and Son nor to the Chamber of Commerce figure. Some of the difficulty may arise from the fact that Ayer and Son seem to be using 1930 figures; but that in itself demands explanation.

Untroubled by these statistical puzzles, the authors go on: "It is encouraging to realize that the wage earner or small-salaried man can, and does, protect his family, provide for the education of his children, lay by funds for his own retirement years, through the great capitalistic and truly Canadian business—life insurance. . . . Including both policyholders and beneficiaries, three-quarters of our population are largely dependent for their financial stability and security upon insurance."

Again the lack of a United Front among capitalist statisticians is painfully evident. This time, however, Ayer and Son are at odds not with the Chamber of Commerce but with the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada. According to a folder circulated by this body, of every hundred "red-blooded, alert young men starting out in life at age 25," by age 65 "thirty-six have died, one is wealthy, four are well-to-do, five live on earnings, fifty-four are no longer self-supporting." In other words, of those who survive, more than 84 per cent. have not laid by enough for their retirement years.

Old age pension statistics tell much the same story. No one with as much as $365 a year of his own can qualify for a pension at all, and the maximum monthly pension ($20) is reduced, for persons with more than $125 a year of their own, by the amount of their income in excess of 1.25. But according to the latest complete returns available (Labor Gazette, June, 1935, p. 520) the proportion of pensioners to total population over 70 years of age, and the average monthly pension in March 1935 were:

B.C.	Alta.	Sask.	Man.	Ont.	N. S.	P. E. I.
37.18	43.04	49.85	49.75	33.0	46.32	25.34
$18.89	$17.34	$16.23	$18.20	$17.79	$14.39	$10.44

According to figures at page 789 of the Labor Gazette of September, 1936, the number of pensioners and average pension at June, 1936, was in every province higher than in March, 1935. The Ontario Deputy Minister of Welfare has stated (Montreal Star, November 4, 1936) that to lower the qualifying age to 65 would add 70,000 to the lists in that

GERMANY
ITALY
LEAGUE
SPAIN

province. This would mean not far short of half the population over 65 years of age on pension. In other words, a large part of the aged population, so far from having "laid by for his retirement years" is in a state of dire poverty.

Exhibit B is savings accounts in the banks; but with this I have dealt fully in a previous article.

Ayer and Son, however, are not content, like the more prudent Chamber of Commerce, with a few outline figures. They must needs fill in some of the detail. The banks and insurance companies, they tell us, have "generously financed" (this philanthropic touch rivals the Financial Post's own words "co-operative capitalism" at the head of the article) among other things, "the electric light and power industry, which has done so much to lighten burdens for housewife, industrial worker and farmer alike." It would be interesting, though hardly edifying, to hear the comment of Montreal unemployed on this. "The luxuries of yesterday," the article proceeds, "are enjoyed by the average individual to-day. The automobile, the radio, the electric refrigerator are but a few examples." On this I should like to hear the comments not only of the unemployed but of the farmers. Of all the farms in Canada at the 1931 census, only 16.4 per cent. had radios and only 10 per cent. had gas or electric light. For radios the provincial percentages varied from 7.8 in New Brunswick to 23.6 in British Columbia; for gas or electric light from 2.8 in Saskatchewan and Alberta to 24.5 in British Columbia; 21.5 per cent. of Ontario farms had radios and 16.8 per cent. gas or electric light.

"All these things," the article concludes with unconscious irony, "are possible because the average Canadian is, at heart, a capitalist," It would be truer to say, "All these things are possible because the average Canadian allows himself to be bamboozled by capitalist propaganda."

Johnnie in the Parlour

(A Reply to Frankie)

i confess
despite the name of good queen bess,
that in her day empire expanding in geometrical
progression to infinity
was hardly conducive to virginity.
and therefore spacious things were done which today
with our diminishing view
we don't do.

on the other hand in the gloriou
s days of queen victoria
when colts went wrong
they took up wine women and song
which sound innocent enough to jaded ear god knows but
which all the same work
havoc in the social framework.

both extremes
give righthinkingcitizens very bad dreams.
so in providing beveragerooms the elected representatives
of the people of ontarier
were warier.

singin away
doesn't invariably produce decay;
though smoking is a different thing and now in public
schools
is against the rules.
i would much rather blow a smokering
than sing.

wine
is no good either for who bent on boozing wants to be
forced to dine?
why should we nordics in some of whom runs the blood
of the fenian
go all mediterrenian?
pious hicks like us have a craving sincere
for beer

women too
are only an occupation for the few.
besides unless you're bronzedandathletic like the
esquireman it's no use
trying to seduce.
but you'll admit that in a beverageroom it doesn't take
much dash
to spill cigaretteash;
nor does it require a pair of handsome legs
to cope with kegs.

so altogether it's for the best and thought i may go
wrong
it won't be through wine women or song.
thanks to the government i am myopically happy sitting
right here
with philipmorris and beer.

ODO GRINDROD.

Discord

Patronesses of the arts
Jewelled, powdered, furred,
Clap hands at the clapping parts,
Nod an approving word.

Viols and drums lament,
Weep you violins,
For the decadent
And their smiling sins.

Cymbals, horns discordant,
Jar the jewelled ear.
Play for the indigent
Until the galleries cheer.

HENRY NOYES.

Home Improvement Plan---A Mouse?

ALAN DUNLOP

HAS The National Employment Commission given birth to a mouse? Or is this merely the vanguard of a real attack upon unemployment?

There are in Canada only 182,194 people who have incomes large enough to pay income tax, in other words single persons with incomes over one thousand and married people with incomes of over two thousand. It is logical therefore to presume that it is only these people who will be able to afford any improvement to their homes, furthermore only 56,890 of these have incomes of over 3,000 per annum. These 182,194 represent under 2 per cent. of the total population, and if we allow a family to represent a unit of four and each of these income tax payers to represent one family, it means that less than 7½ per cent. of the families in the Dominion will be able to improve their homes. Thus it is clearly shown that only a very small minority of Canadians will be able to take direct advantage of this plan, and while this small minority is no doubt suffering under our present industrial system, they represent as a whole the favoured class who have been able to maintain a decent standard of living.

There were in the month of July (probably the best month for employment) 724,284 employable unemployed and their dependents. In the pamphlet issued by the National Employment Commission, it was stated that when this Home Improvement Plan was operated in Philadelphia, 14 millions out of 21 millions went to labor, using this ration as our yardstick we find then that the maximum under this plan that can go to labor is 66 2-3 per cent., in other words 33 1-3, which sounds satisfactory until analysed. If we take $500 a year as a living wage for the unemployed and their dependents, the 33 1-3 millions will only be sufficient to pay for the employment of 9.2 per cent. of these 724.284 people. This is indeed the possible result as it is presumed that all payment to labour will be to those on relief, which will certainly not be the case, in fact it is unlikely that more than half of this money will go to the unemployed. Thus 4.6 per cent. is more accurate figure than 9.2 as a considerable portion will go to those working part time and those that are unemployed but not on relief. Mr. Dunning states that he is very doubtful if any of the lending institutions will make any net profits out of this scheme. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that the clerical staffs of these institutions will not welcome this plan for it will only mean an increase in their unpaid overtime work.

Mr. Dunning proudly said that 6.2 is the lowest rate effective in any country to the best of his knowledge and less than half the rate charged on normal instalment loans. This is a terrible admission showing that 13 per cent. is the normal instalment rate and that 6.20 per cent. is an all time low. Such is the much-vaunted efficiency of our present system.

The instalment system has many points in its favour such as giving to the small salaried man the opportunity to mortgage his future for one, two or three years. But we have not yet been informed as to what guarantee the government will demand from the lending institution that a debt is bad before reimbursing it for its loss, but these regulations will necessarily be stringent and the pressure exerted upon the borrower to repay will probably result in reports from collectors, such as I have seen,

"small salary, large family, following closely"—a perfect six-word modern tragedy.

The Home Improvement Plan thus means that less than two per cent. of the population can take direct advantage of it, that the best possible result is the employment of 9.2 per cent. of the unemployed on relief and that the only people who stand assured of a happy result are the lending institutions and such companies as Canada Cement, Building Products, Dominion Tar & Chemical, the various paint companies, Canadian General Electric and Northern Electric who will supply the large proportion of the materials used; verily a magnificent mouse.

Facts, Figures and Finance

Business Conditions

The October index of physical volume of business 119.8 (107.2 last year, 1926=100) was the highest for any month since 1930. Manufacturing showed an especially notable gain over last year: 122.2 from 105.4. Foodstuffs rose from 100.5 to 116.8. Iron and steel (except motor car production, which temporarily lags behind last year in spite of increased sales) was well above 1935. (Total production of iron and steel in 1935, the highest since 1930, was 26 percent above 1934.) The index of employment on November 1, at 111, was the highest for any November on record except 1930. Carloadings, to the end of November, were 4.6 percent, railway gross revenues almost 8 percent, above last year. Combined railway net revenues for the ten months ending October 31 gained 2.6 percent over 1935. The Financial Post reports that retail sales of hardware at present are 3 percent above 1930, without allowing for a 13 percent fall in prices; while sales of furniture, men's clothing and variety of goods are above 1930 when allowance is made for price changes.

Dividends

Gross dividends for 1936 according to The Financial Post are $260,400,000. This is $38,400,000 above 1935 and has been exceeded only by the 1930 total of $284,600,000. The probabilities are that 1937 will break all records. The Nesbitt Thomson dividend index for November is 112.6 (99.1 last year) the highest for any November since 1931, and higher than for November, 1926 or 1927.

Wages

The Financial Post of December 12 announces that "the first real crop of wage increases for Canadian workers made its appearance last week" Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation granted a 7.5 percent increase to nearly 8,000 workers in its Sydney steel plant and elsewhere. A week or so earlier, employees at its Trenton plant had voted overwhelmingly for an industrial union. Dominion Textiles and Canadian Cottons, perhaps by way of thanksgiving for the end of the Turgeon inquiry, granted increases of 7 and 6 percent, respectively. This is said to restore wages to the 1933 level, which, for Canadian Cottons at least, seems to have been the same as in 1929. Other increases, notably bonuses by General Foods and the motor car companies, are said to bring the total of increases to nearly $2,000,000.

Relief

The National Employment Commission's preliminary figures from its September relief census cover 22 leading cities. For these the total was 434,238, or 6.41 percent below 1935 and 9.79 percent below 1934. Halifax, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Three Rivers, Verdun, Brantford, Fort William, Calgary and Edmonton had more on relief than in 1935; Hull, Montreal, Hamilton, Kitchener, London, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Vancouver and Victoria, less.

Public Finance

Dominion revenues (ordinary and special) for the seven months ending October 31 were $267,614,148, an increase of more than $40,500,000 over last year. Expenditure (ordinary, special and non-active capital) was $274,601,327, a decrease of more than $5,000,000 from last year. The deficit accordingly was reduced from $52,855,618 to $6,987,179, a net improvement of almost $46,000,000.

The Burden of Income Taxes

The Citizen's Research Institute (which announces almost in one breath that its reports are "non-political and impartial" and that it believes they will be welcomed by "every man who realizes that governmental spending must be cut and taxes lowered") has recently published a table comparing the personal income taxes payable at various income levels by residents of the various Canadian provinces and of New York and London.

From these figures, incomplete as they are, (especially for the groups $10,000 to $25,000, and $25,000 to $50,000) it is quite evident that the moderately well-to-do in Ontario and Quebec still get off fairly lightly—as Professor MacGregor pointed out some years ago. Up to and including $25,000 incomes, all Canadian cities mentioned show a lower tax than London. Up to and including incomes of $250,000, all our Eastern cities (where the bulk of large incomes is found) are below London. For $500,000 and higher incomes, our taxes are nominally heavier than London's. But have our individual rich men perhaps "hidden reserves"? As a despatch in one of the financial papers discussing the textile companies delicately phrased it, "It is recognized that sometimes the sensible thing and the legal thing are not synonymous, and the business man may be tempted to do the former thing and violate the latter".

Alberta

Those interested in recent economic and political developments in Alberta cannot do better than read first, the Elliott-Walker report to the bondholders' committee, and second, the outline of Mr. Aberhart's legislation since his election, the criticisms of the Elliott-Walker report by Professors Britnell and MacGregor and the Elliott-Walker "rejoinder", in the November issue of the Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science. **E.A.F.**

Swan Song

EARLE BIRNEY

HOUSMAN'S reputation will be little disturbed by these careful siftings* from his literary ashes. Forty-eight short pieces—some only single quatrains—have been published by his posthumous "permission, not by his wish." Laurence Housman, his brother, has had the duty, not entirely enviable, of making the selection, and adding a preface.

Technically there is no development, no apparent lapse. Here is the same monotone of rythm, and elaborate simplicity of phrase, the same sculptured nudity which, because its fashioner was in later life a Cambridge professor of Greek, has been too readily assumed to be "classical." Housman himself told us that before he wrote the Shropshire Lad he gave his nights to the lyrics of Heine and Shakespeare, and to the Scottish border ballads. Nor were his other literary preferences exactly in the tradition of Horace. He had as many good things to say about Campbell as about Arnold; he admired Christina Rossetti and seems to have imitated, occasionally and indifferently, her echoing music; he liked Bennett as well as Hardy and Austin; and though he was eccentric enough to consider Bridges' Shorter Poems the finest single volume of English verse, he still thought Shelley the greatest poet—and he much preferred detective thrillers to Galsworthy. Housman's austere brevity in image is more Anglo-Saxon than foreign, his laconic narrative is mediaeval rather than Greek; and his formal "classicism" is only the stoicism with which he remains inside the narrow compass of these effects.

It is the very maintenance of this virtuosity which, in More Poems, allows us to see its limitations clearly. There is now a sufficient corpus of Housman's work to reveal, for example, that his simple vocabulary is a diction rather than a language, William Lyon Phelps to the contrary. 'Haven', 'distiff', 'fare', (for "go"), 'tarry', 'bourn', are not the words of Shropshire 'lads' of the 1890's or of today. Nor did such country folk die from 'sabres', falling in battle with 'plumes . . . under heel'. This is the outworn language of an Oxford student who wrote from Highgate about imagined beings in a romantic western horizon of hills, hills which he did not even visit until after he composed the first six of the poems which fixed his style. The frugal clichés which consequently intruded are still here in these final verses, interfering not only with the language of men but also with those standards of the flawless miniature to which Housman aspired:

> On the far-beholding foreland
> paced at even grief and I . . .
> O maiden, let your distaff be
> And pace the flowery meads with me.

Such staginess reveals how narrow a course Housman steered between pedantry and bathos. He has been proof against parodists only because by his faint lugubrious humor he parodies himself:

> From the wash the laundress sends
> My collars home with ravelled ends;
> I must fit, now these are frayed,
> My neck with new ones London-made.

The same parsimony is now as obvious in the metre and metaphor as in the diction. There is none of the 'harmonious madness', nothing of that companioned rush of thought and image which characterizes the great lyric poets. It is not without significance that Housman was unable to enjoy paintings or music. All poetic expression was to him a long mathematical labor—a final quatrain might be the work of three weeks. Ideas came to him rarely and painfully, with great physical disturbance. Though he began writing at eight, the best known of his published verses—and some even of this last volume—were the fruit of less than two years in the mid-nineties. That period of heightened consciousness began, he has solemnly told us, with a "relaxed sore throat."

Housman himself made a sharp distinction between this intense subjectivity of his poetic experience and his "poetic attitude." The latter, he insisted, was "founded on my observation of the world, not on anything so trivial or irrelevant as personal history." But how can one observe life without individual experience? Is it not permissible to suspect a connection between the sharp change in Housman's character, after he had failed his Greats at Oxford and had returned home to spend ten long years as an obscure clerk in the Patent Office, and the beginning of his austere despair in poetry? Laurence Housman is testimony to that sudden metamorphosis in his brother from the merry and energetic leader of a literary family circle to the "silent and impenetrable recluse", a man almost proud of his reputation as a vinegar-tongued pedant. Dr. Markowitz, in a previous Forum, has suggested a connection between Housman's misogynous and sexless life, and the vulgar adolescence of his references, in poetry, to the intimacies between men and

* MORE POEMS: A. E. Housman, Cape-Nelson; pp. 71; $1.25.

women. Later, when he had made a name in literature and achieved a chair at London, some of his affability returned. He wrote sprightly letters and nonsense verse to his brothers, he toured Europe to enjoy its wines, he lived comfortably without economic stress. But by then his poetic philosophy was fixed and his lyric impulse virtually ended.

The limitations of that attitude are also clearer, with More Poems. Here is the same brooding over death, a morbidity which is not pagan in quality but Anglican rather, because beneath the apparent serenity is a disturbed refusal to accept and by that means dismiss from the mind the inescapable mortality of man.

> The lad that hopes for Heaven
> Shall fill his mouth with mould.

The simplicity of the view conceals its contradictions. He believes that the addition of knowledge is man's only increasing pleasure—yet also that the clodpole and the sensitive soul are equally vulnerable to ill. Nor is there any poetic evidence that Housman did add to his knowledge with years; the face of the heavens do not bring to him new speculations upon the obscure magic of life on this planet, but only mediaeval warnings that the world rushes "ruinword." In fact Housman, for all his atheism, is as firmly convinced of original sin as Eliot. If no outside forces twisted us, "yet the heart would counsel ill."

> The toil of all that be
> Helps not the primal fault.

But he cannot, like Eliot, accept the surety of the waste land and prepare only to endure it in penance:

> Where trees are fallen, there is grief:
> I love no leafless land.

To others, however, he still counsels endurance, or suicide; he still regards his verse as an armour lent to "ill-treated fellows" and a warning that achievement is difficult and vain. He reiterates his Spartan advice tirelessly, almost as if he fears none are listening, as if he realizes that those who elect to remain in life also elect striving and self-advancement as a condition of life.

Most contradictory of all, perhaps, is his self-styled "pejorism." Life gets worse for each of us as we age; that is why young men, ignorant of the worst, dislike to die, and that is why Housman pities the shot soldier, but does not feel it worth while to bestir himself against the causes of his early death:

> Life to be sure is nothing much to lose;
> But young men think it is, and we were young.

Setting aside the questionable psychology here (is it not mature men who in general like least to perish and striplings who can be persuaded to throw their lives away for a drum-beat?), we must face the fundamental weakness in Housman which Flecker saw—that he was too indifferent to be either a significant teacher or a genuinely inventive artist. Laurence Housman apologizes for the "bitterness" of his brother's verse on the grounds that Housman is expressing a desire that the "laws of God and man" should be kinder than they are. But the point is that Housman is too inverted and apathetic to care. He never pauses to examine which of man's ills are innate, which are from temporary social causes. He was a sensitive but tired man, somewhat of a failure in human relations, desiring in his last years only to continue his inverted existence or to have "sudden death" as life's best reward. The annihilation of a young soldier was not really to him the symbol of great human causes lost or achieved, or of a waste avoidable or certain, but simply, like the death of any other man, a turning "to the thing He was born to be".

Housman gazed in dignified pity from his study window, but only long enough to catch the fog and smoke of our era; and he too readily assumed that the light behind was a sunset and not a dawn. Because of this, it may be that in fifty years More Poems, despite the apparent permanence of their technical achievement and the noble "universality" of their thoughts, will be read but rarely. When they are I think it will be for casual lines like these:

> When green buds hang in the elm like dust
> And sprinkle the lime like rain,
> Forth I wander, forth I must,
> And drink of life again.

—and not for Housman's "criticism of life".

The Archer

Bend back thy bow, O archer, till the string
Is level with thin ear, thy body taut,
It's nature art, thyself thy statue wrought
Of marble blood, and the great bow black wing,
Of cold Necessity; then, loosening, fling
The coiled potential into sightless speed,
Shrouding the dreadful passage of the deed
As the sharp barb plunges to the central ring.

So, for a moment, motionless, serene ,
Fixed between time and time, I aim and wait.
Nothing remains for breath now but to waive
His prior claim and let the shaft fly clean
Into the heart of what I know and hate,
That central black, the ringed and targeted grave.

A. J. M. SMITH.

The Wheels Squeaked

YVONNE FIRKINS

THE WHEELS SQUEAKED! It was a cheap pram in the first place. There were no little grease cups on the axles as there are on those prams with the thick rubber tires and low slung bodies. Janek had bought it second hand when little terra cotta rings of rust, like lines of crayon, were beginning to grow around the ends of the wheel spokes. Two years ago, the day when Suzanne was born he bought it.

Every day the squeaks grew a little louder. Elsa said put some fat on them it would do just as well as oil and they had no oil. Bacon fat there was though, for however carefully you cut the rind a little of the fat was sometimes left, and Elsa had to have bacon sometimes and Suzanne liked the piece of stale bread fried crisp and golden in the pan afterwards. Elsa would have put the fat on the wheels herself only she was away all day at the box factory and no longer took the pram out for its wheels to scream at her as she walked. She was tired too and had a bad cold from the damp, for the river flowed beneath the factory and between the cracks of the floor a stealthy mist crept up as the sun went down.

Janek's thoughts walked round and round his head and kept steady pace with his ill shod feet and the squeaking wheels. He could count the pauses between, one, two, three, squeak: one, two, three, squeak . . . one, two . . .

It was too bad Elsa had to work so hard and could not stay home with Suzanne and warm the rooms with curtains and gay cushions as she had done before the days of his ill luck.

He was not very good with children. He forgot things. Suzanne's hair needed washing. It was losing its golden fluffiness and people no longer stared into the pram as they went down the street and said "what lovely hair that child has."

"Wash it today", Elsa had said before she shut the door upon them until the evening. He had meant to wash it before they came out. Now it was too late. When they came back from their walk the baby would need to sleep. If he washed her head then she would cry and he couldn't bear it.

The whole world seemed to be crying. Once he thought only babies cried and old, old, women. But now he knew that was not true. Only the tears of young men like himself pour inward and drench their hearts with bitterness and hate. Waiting outside the relief office yesterday a young woman had cried. A quiet pitiable cry that she thought only herself could hear. But Janek saw her chin under the rain shunken beret drawn down to hide her eyes and he knew, for he was crying like that himself.

He cried inside when he thought of Elsa's hands, hard, red, large at the knuckles, and of his own fingers, as thin and white as a woman's should be. He had liked Elsa's hands, liked to caress them a short time ago . . . a short time . . . a short time. No. Centuries ago. Centuries of days. Days of waiting—walking—waiting. One, two, three, squeak . . . One, two, three . . .

Suzanne screwed her little body round in the pram and laughed up at him.

"Sheeks, daddy, it sheeks."

Hell and damnation, why wouldn't the bloody wheels stop squeaking?

The noise made him conspicuous. People turned to look at him, at his clothes, his feet, his wrathful hungry young face. Why the hell should he be looked at? He wasn't the only guy who had to push a pram while his wife went to work. He hadn't done anything to be looked at. Why should that boy over there keeping pace with him across the road, that boy, young with dark hair like his own, why should he have one of the new overcoats with the square shoulders? He didn't know how to wear it anyway, Janek, Elsa always said, wore his clothes so well . . . Wore his clothes so well . . . Wore his clothes . . . One, two, three, squeak . . .

Where should he go for a walk? Down to the waterfront? It was nice there on a day sunny like this one. One's mind could go with the ships as they stole out between the mountains of the harbour and follow them to all the grand places one knew but had never seen. Suzanne too liked the ships and the seagulls snatching their food from the scum covered water on the dock. Seagulls had something that was theirs to snatch. Only men were walk weary, talk weary, and kept still, watching in a kind of mouldy silence. Mouldy! That's what he was. Mouldy! Like some of that stuff that floated on the water. That's what happened to a man when he had no work his hands or brain must do. He became a sort of scum that people hated to see—hated because they knew it was a foulness of their own making . . . squeak . . . one, two . . .

Perhaps after all it would be better to walk down between the shops and leave the ships and the scavenging gulls for another day. Perhaps that way he could think of something else. If only the wheels wouldn't squeak, if only he had remembered

the fat. But down between the shops through the glass walled tunnels of the streets he could lose himself among others of his kind and of the kind he used to be. He would cross over here then and go, cross over here . . . here and then go . . . squeak . . . one, two . . .

'When did you first see him?" asked the coroner of the young man with the dark hair and the square shouldered overcoat.

'I noticed him going down the street on the opposite side to me just before . . . before it happened . . . The driver hadn't a chance. The man never even looked at the traffic signal he just walked right ahead as though he wasn't thinking . . . walked right into the side of the truck."

"What made you notice him on the other side of the street. Was he behaving strangely in any way?"

"Well, not exactly, but he was staring across me rather hard and I wondered at first if I knew him. I didn't recognize him though. The only thing I noticed particularly was the perambulator."

"And what was that?"

"Well, it was kind of beginning to get on my nerves. It was an old one I guess, and the wheels squeaked."

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

The Canadian Forum begins with this issue a series of competitions for which it offers, each month, a prize of five dollars. The rules are:

1. Address Monthly Contest Editor, Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington St. W., Toronto.
2. No mss. are returned and any may be printed in part or in whole, whether awarded a prize or not.
3. Members of The Canadian Forum Board are not eligible to compete.
4. The decision of the Contest Editor is final; he need not award a prize if he considers no entry is worthy of award.
5. Entries must reach the Contest Editor by the 14th of each month.

CONTEST NUMBER ONE

Five dollars cash is offered for the best set of three satiric couplets describing any three of the following: TORONTO, SOCIAL CREDIT, MONTREAL, VICTORIA, MOUNTIES, OTTAWA.

The couplets may be of any line length but should rhyme and scan. The names given should be utilized in the couplets but need not be rhyme words. The couplets need not form a coherent poem. Only one couplet will be accepted for each topic, but as many may be submitted as the contestant desires.

O CANADA!

($1 will be paid for the press clipping heading this column)

* * *

I have no money. Mr. Raynault's campaign will cost about $50,000. I do not know where he obtained the money. The source remains a puzzle to me as he was alderman for only two years.

(Camillien Houde as reported in the Montreal Star.)

* * *

Mechanization has been forced upon us by the heads of the army. It is a blessing in disguise, because it will save the very horseflesh that we love so much, but which some of us with our complacent, out-of-date and misdirected enthusiasm, still think of as riding to quite unnecessary slaughter.

(Major C. R. Bradbrooke as reported in the Toronto Star.)

* * *

Don't worry to much about war said Lady Astor, waving a red bag and the blue feather in her hat. "Every body in Europe is afraid of it and nobody wants it. Anyhow the bible reading nations are safe".

(Toronto Daily Star.)

* * *

There are no slums in Toronto.

(Alderman Ellis as reported in The Toronto Star.)

* * *

Two gentlemen, 33 others make up new Council.

(Montreal Gazette.)

* * *

Preaching in Trinity United Church, Rev G. O. Fallis . . . described leadership of Prime Minister Baldwin as "God inspired."

(Toronto Evening Telegram.)

* * *

Are you too sharing in this unprecedented prosperity of our glorious country?

(Headline from gold mining investment corporation circular.)

* * *

Why did providence send five beautiful babies—quintuplets—to the Dionnes if there should be birth control? Even from the monetary standpoint what could have created a better means of advertising Northern Ontario? Look how well they are being cared for. Had they come one at a time we poor mortals could not have seen the blessing. It would only have been a calamity.

(From a letter to the Globe and Mail, Toronto.)

* * *

The strong nation that was well armed used its power to protect its own interest and stand for the things that were highest and best was a marvelous thing and could confer on the world marvellous benefits.

(Rev. Gilbert Okion, M.C., to the Montreal Kiwanis Club—Montreal Star.)

* * *

The 100th anniversary celebration of the Religious Education Council of Quebec . . . opened to-day with a luncheon for business men . . . at the head table were . . . J. W. McConnell . . . Senator Lorne Webster . . . Dr John W. Ross . . . Dr. A. O. Dawson.

(Montreal Star.)

* * *

Our prize of $1.00 is awarded to Mrs. Marsh, Montreal

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Social Planning for Marxists

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM: John Strachey; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 488; $3.00.

THIS book may prove something of a landmark in socialist literature. Hitherto the field has been divided for English readers between the technical works of Marxists and the popular expositions of writers like Shaw and Cole. Considered as propaganada, the former have, as Strachey points out, proved useless among the English-speaking peoples; while Cole's empiricism prevented his works from being comprehensive. Only Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide" attempted to cover the theory and application of socialism in a single sweep. It had two grave defects: the argument committed itself to Shaw's premiss of absolute equality of income (a premiss decisively rejected by Strachey); and it concentrated on distribution to the neglect of production. Strachey's latest work marks the first attempt since Shaw to produce a complete English manual of socialism, by marrying Marxist dialectic to English and American empiricism. The result is an argument in which all the parts depend on the whole, and yet "practical" in the sense demanded by the uninitiated. The book will be widely read, and its contents deserve a summary:

It is divided into four parts. The first, on "The Economic System", revolves around the two chapters which describe the existing Russian system of production and distribution. It naturally includes an analysis of planning technique, and contrasts with this the essentially a-social and unregulated character of capitalism. It distinguishes socialism from communism, a distinction which, as the author points out, Marx himself did not trouble to maintain. In Part Two the argument moves from economics to political technique and strategy. A concrete description of the Russian pyramidal soviets serves as preface for an exposition of the theory of dictatorship of the proletariat, and this leads on to a discussion of the state and its "withering away" when the tasks of socialism are accomplished. The section then turns to the growing threat of imperialist war, reviews the existing line up between sated and hungry powers, and diagnoses the capitalist drive for expansion as the common curse. Part Three turns to the history of the rise of socialist theory and of working-class consciousness in England, ranging from More's Utopia through Robert Owen to the Chartists. Part Four launches at last, and in real earnest, into the Materialist Conception of History, The Law of Motion of Capitalism and Dialectical Materialism, tracing the development of Marxist philosophy from Marx and Engels through Lenin to Stalin.

The author resists the temptation to integrate his theme by arguing deductively, from first principles to their practical application; such is the method of the trained thinker, and used, as Strachey emphasizes, by Marx himself. But the average mind habitually uses a sort of scattered induction; it argues if at all from what it chooses to call 'facts'. This book attempts to meet such a mind half way, by beginning, where Marx could not begin, for he had no exemplar to argue from, with the existing Russian planned economy.

The most controversial and by far the weakest chapter is the last, on "The Way to Socialism," which should have been printed separately from the theoretical discussion of Part Four to which it does not in the least belong. The author, reviewing the history of the British Labour and Communist parties as he sees it, appeals all in one breath for a reorganization of the Labour Party on communist lines and for a 'Popular Front'. The practical merit of his conclusions—and they have merit—can be left to time, but the argument is vitiated by attacks on Shaw, among the theorists, for his "passionate rejection of Marxism" (contrast the tribute to Marx in the appendix to the 'Guide') and on Arthur Henderson, who is lumped with those leaders possessed of "obvious personal weaknesses, such as the desire for office, wealth . . . and the simpler forms of personal success". Uncle Arthur had his faults, but these were not among them. What is more important, a careful reading brings out one striking omission. The British Labour Party is criticized (p. 442) for failing to turn itself into "the new kind of political organization which we defined in chapter IV". But though the need of a working-class party is described there, no attempt is made to define its organization. In fact, on the central issue of the actual type of political organization appropriate to the working-class movement Strachey is silent. He does not venture to recommend the communist pattern; he does not discuss at all such crucial formulas as "democratic centralism" with which Lenin sought to solve the problem of political organization; and he omits all reference to the Comintern and its work.

Thus the best socialist handbook which has yet appeared still leaves a gap—the most important gap of all. With what political weapons and strategy is

the socialist goal to be achieved? One can infer from the omission that Strachey is not sure enough of the present Communist political organization and methods to recommend them as a matter of dialectical necessity. Yet no one, communist or otherwise, remains satisfied with the set up of existing labour parties. Perhaps we stand in this respect where Marx stood in relation to the problem of what an actual socialist state would look like. We lack an exemplar to argue from which only time by trial and error can supply. E. A. HAVELOCK.

An Individualist Poet

TIME IN THE ROCK: Conrad Aiken, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.50.

WHEN WHAT is called "modern American poetry" was being born, Conrad Aiken was a brilliant member of the new school. He was always an individualist, he lacked the vigour and welcome vulgarity of some of his young contemporaries, but he had a sensitivity, a nimbleness, a certain control of word and phrase, that earned for him a secure if unpredominant position. The free and varied techniques of modernist verse were well suited to his quick imagination, and if he was tempted too often into fantasy and its anaemic offspring, whimsicality, he nevertheless deserved his Pulitzer Prize.

Time In The Rock contains all that was good in the original Aiken. Unfortunately when that is said, all is said. We have been over all this ground before. It is perhaps not fair to expect a perpetual development in the men and women who turned the rain on the Georgian garden-party and sent the parasols scuttling into taxis. A poet's contribution is usually of a single kind, and Aiken and his friends made theirs some years ago. The literary world dates an era from their youth. Yet the march of time is relentless, and we do not find it easy to pay respect now to the merely competent statements of our former liberators. They may be as good as before; they may be, in the same vein, even better; but times have changed.

This new poem, or series of poems (it fills 138 pages), deals with the central problem of our day—the search of man for a positive direction amid impending chaos. This is indeed the stuff of which a modern epic might be made. Aiken appreciates the position in which we all find ourselves:

We need a theme? then let that be our theme:
that we, poor grovellers between faith and doubt,
the sun and north star lost, and compass out,
the heart's weak engine all but stopped, the time
timeless in this chaos of our wills—
that we must ask a theme, something to think,
something to say, between dawn and dark,
something to hold to, something to love—

That is all very well, but the question is what shall we hold to, and what shall we love? Merely to indicate a search is on is hardly worth the saying—particularly when not so much as a hint is given of the possibility that the individual may find his salvation in a new understanding of his relations to his fellow men. The entire volume is given over to the fact of search, and to a meticulous analysis, at times subtle, at times even moving, of the processes of thought of a sensitive soul frustrated by its own complete isolation. It is a process, for the most part, of taking to pieces:

Ravel the pattern backward, to no pattern:
reduce the granite downward, to no stone:
unhinge the rainbow to his sun and rain:
dissolve the blood to water and to salt:
is this dishevelment we cannot bear?
The angel is the one who knows his wings!

These delicate studies of disintegration begin to exasperate after a while. The poet retreats into the innermost recesses of his own awareness—and meanwhile one hears, with an unpoetic ear, the bombs falling on the streets of Madrid. If only Aiken would step out from his retreat. True, occasionally, he recognizes the inadequacy of mere observation:

why should we stand here and watch this travesty,
we, the wise and old, the hardened, the disillusioned
from our window of bright despair looking downward
at the little contemptible street of human affairs—

But, he asks,

what else can we do, we who wait here between
one wall and another one clock and another
who can neither play happily in the dust, nor lie still?

It is scarcely surprising that he finds no answer, for it lies precisely in the "street of human affairs," and if that is "contemptible" then indeed there is no hope. No great art can ever be made out of defeatism.

The subtitle to Time in the Rock is given as Preludes to Definition. It may be that this volume is to be considered as the poet's self-clarification, an examination and dismissal of inadequate philosophies. As such it is not without merit. There are individual poems in the volume that are memorable, and it is a pleasure to read verse whose technique is so well mastered. A book of this sort in Canada would win all the available medals. It entered, however upon a larger task, and to a generation which has passed beyond the contemplation of its own emptiness and is busily engaged in testing new beliefs, of whose existence Aiken does not seem to be aware, this type of poetry will not suffice.

F. R. SCOTT.

Luther and the Modern World

LUTHER: F. Funck-Brentano; Cape-Nelson; pp. 365; $3.75.

TWO events of our time render valuable a new biography of Martin Luther. The first event is Karl Barth, the second is the stand of the German Confessional Churches against Adolf Hitler. As the storm centre of the 16th century drama, Luther is never out of character, but there is little doubt that his biographer measures the significance of the great reformer in the light of the religious and political life of 20th century Europe. A scrupulous historian, M. Funck-Bretano appears to realize that all biography is contemporary biography.

Many students have already remarked upon the similarity of the philosophical and religious approach of Barth and Luther. To rediscover Luther is at the same time to reveal Barth as his contemporary reincarnation. Luther's attack upon Aristotelian scholasticism, as well as his onslaught against the humane liberalism of Erasmus, is paralleled by Barth's war with a decadent liberal Protestantism and a modern science which is singularly impotent in the crisis which civilization faces. "In the way of salvation, reason is of no avail; reason is mad; reason is a fool!" It might be Barth writing in 1936. Each was conscious of the depravity of the human will; each stressed the futility of "works" to achieve salvation—although Barth claims that he is still a Socialist. For each the sovereignty of God was of supreme importance in its relation to the fate of man. For each the only authority was the Word of God as set forth in the Bible. And each, with absolute assurance, interpreted the Bible ad lib., here rejecting, there retaining, so that the faithful might know what constituted the true and revealed Word. It may further be noted that each displayed a peculiar eagerness to brand as heretic any follower who deviated one iota from the true revelation. In each there is that possession by a faith which brooks no rival.

Of perhaps greater interest to the lay reader is the relationship between Luther and German nationalism. In 1933 the German Government struck a coin to commemorate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Luther's birth and set aside October 31st as a national holiday. It is doubtful if Luther would appreciate this honour. It is probably true, however, that Luther laid the first foundations of German culture. His biographer is inclined to overstress his nationalism. He goes so far as to suggest his attack upon the papacy was "not so much the question of doctrine as the desire to liberate Germany from Italian domination." While there is much in Luther's writings to support this thesis, it is likely that such narrowly nationalistic sentiments belong to the occasional but vehement outbursts to which he was so prone. His unflagging battle with Rome received its inspiration from a more deeply rooted faith. His devotion to his country is more truly expressed in his magnificent translation of the Bible into the language of the common people. The German Bible was destined to become "the national book of Germany, the book whereby she was to proclaim her unity." "Luther," said Heine, "created the German language, and he did so by translating the Bible." One of his great contributions, too frequently overlooked, was in the realm of music. His hymns, many of them based upon free translation of the Psalms, still possess their original vitality. He developed a musical service for the Reformed Churches, the words German and the music inspired by popular German melodies. He introduced the teaching of singing and music into the popular schools with far-reaching results. One learned historian of music claims that "Germany owes her Bachs, her Handels and her Beethovens entirely to Luther's actions." Herein lies Luther's contribution to the German nation. Over against the pan-Germanism of Rosenburg or the neo-paganism of the state religion the rebel of Wittenburg would be standing today with his comrades of the Confessional Churches.

To his biographer Luther appears as a man of complete sincerity. Here is no pale saint but a man of compelling convictions, impetuous and often vindictive, assailed by doubts and misgivings, but rising to great heights in the hour of crisis. He never outlived his peasant origins. That may account in part for his almost servile devotion to princes and his contempt for the people of the soil. His attack upon the peasants during the rising which had been inspired to a great extent by the new ideas which he had released is unexcelled in the literature of invective and vituperation. Lutheranism never recovered from the alienation of the common people that was accomplished at this time. Luther's world was peopled with demons and foul fiends who constantly plagued his spirit. His coarsest and most obscene vocabulary was reserved for the Devil, who apparently was a daily visitor. "He regarded the world as a stage on which a never-ending war was waged between God and Satan, with man as the stake, God being supported by his angels and Satan leading his imps of evil." But even in this he may not be so far removed from our times. For each age creates its own symbols, and history was to Luther no gradual evolutionary progression, but a dialectic process, moving through conflict to an ultimate and inevitable consummation. His very doctrinaire stubbornness and utter intolerance belong to a man who stakes everything upon his faith. "Whether one

falls overboard to larboard or to starboard, one is in the water all the same." What more could a Communist say on the subject of deviation!

Where this biography suffers is in its failure to account for the Reformation itself. As a historian of repute the author might have given us a clearer picture of Luther as a man of his age, his work bearing a close relationship to the tremendous social, political and economic changes which were transforming Europe. But probably that has been adequately done by others. And possibly the Reformation was as much a surprise to Luther as it is to the readers of his biography. And perhaps prophets and their works must remain to a great extent unaccountable.

KING GORDON.

Gaol

WALLS HAVE MOUTHS: Wilfred Macartney; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 440; $3.50.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS to stimulate an interest in penal reform is to send some intelligent men to prison and have them talk and write about it afterwards. This is a service which the Communist Party has recently been rendering to this and other countries. Anyone who has heard Tim Buck describe his experience in Kingston penitentiary will have a more accurate understanding of Canadian penal methods than he can obtain from any other source, with the possible exception of Dr. Withrow's Shackling the Trangressor.

And now out of England comes Walls Have Mouths, written by a Communist who spent seven years in an English convict prison after conviction on a charge of espionage. It is a straightforward, unemotional and coldly devastating account of convict life in a country which is supposed to have one of the best penal systems in the world. The story shows that official stupidity, senseless tradition and an almost complete absence of scientific treatment, are still part of the normal method of dealing with certain criminals even in England. (This would not apply to young offenders in the Borstal institutions). All of which goes to show that the reduction in crime in Great Britain must be due more to changes which tend to stop a man going to prison, such as probation and a wider extension of social services, than to improved methods of handling the prisoners actually behind bars.

The kind of prison system which Macartney describes is not so much brutal as merely stupid. Utterly and completely stupid. It is not justified by the principle of revenge, for it is too humane. It falls far short of any principle of reformation. The inside discipline can scarcely be considered a deterrent to would-be criminals outside, since for the most part they know nothing about it. The convicts' loss of liberty would occur equally well in a more intelligently run prison, and loss of liberty rather than severity within the prison is the best deterrent. Too mild to be revengeful, too empty to be reformative, too secret to be deterrent, the treatment of the English convict is without rhyme or reason of any sort. All that penal reformers have been able to do is to remove most of the brutality of the 19th century without substituting scientific treatment for it.

Macartney's general criticism may be summed up in a single quotation. "That the convict belongs to another biological species is the characteristic belief of the official. And to strengthen this conception the convict is treated unnaturally; he is fed with strange food, must wear weird clothes, must not speak ,must go to bed at a ridiculous hour, and is treated like an animate tool." Add to this that he is cut off almost completely from the world he is supposed to be preparing to re-enter, that he is excessively restricted as to visits, letter-writing or outside news, and you have a system which is still, psychologically, punitive and revengeful in its methods, though it dare not show this spirit save in comparatively petty ways. The heart of officialdom has not changed, though the hand is not so heavy.

Walls Have Mouths is more than a study in penal methods. It is alive to the humor and the comedy, as well as the tragedy of prison existence. Its analysis of convict taste in literature shows not only the immense value of a good library in a penitentiary, but also the soundness of judgment which the ordinary man reveals when he reads enough good literature. The story of how chess-playing swept the prison is remarkable. For all its stupidity, the English system has its humane moments. Imagine the consternation in Canada if we suddenly learned that a troup of professional actors had been allowed to give a performance in Kingston penitentiary! Yet its value for the morale of the convicts is strikingly shown in this book.

Some publisher should be enterprising enough to ask Tim Buck to write the Canadian version of Walls Have Mouths. It might be a best seller.

F. R. SCOTT

Canada, the Empire and the League

CANADA:; THE EMPIRE AND THE LEAGUE: Lectures given at the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics; Toronto; Nelsons; pp. 172; $1.50.

HOW IS THE EMPIRE?: E. Percy Roe; Toronto; Pitman; pp. 294; $1.75.

THE Lake Couchiching Institute on Economics and Politics, which is held every summer under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., took as its general subject for

discussion last summer "Canada's Responsibility for World Peace". Some of the lectures which were given to its members are now printed for the general public and they make a most timely volume. Among the visitors from outside the Institute were Dr. Hans Simons, one of the exiled German liberals; Mr. R. M. Buell of the American Foreign Policy Association; Lord Snell, of the British Labour Party, and Dr. John R. Mott. Among the native Canadian speakers were Mr. Clifford Sifton, Mr. Paul Martin, M.P., Professors G. W. Brown and N. A. M. Mackenzie of Toronto, Professor A. R. M. Lower of Winnipeg, Professor R. A. Mackay or Dalhousie, and Professor Jean Bruchesi of Montreal. They covered in their addresses practically all the aspects of the world situation as it affects Canada and they raised the pros and cons of the various possible policies which Canada might pursue. Altogether their lectures make most stimulating reading.

There does not seem to have been a real good hearty British imperialist present except Lord Snell (what is that man doing in the Labour Party?); and the so-called isolationists must have carried the day, to judge from these addresses. Especially interesting is the analysis of Canada's position by Professor Lower, which seems to me to be in the main unanswerable, and the presentation of the French-Canadian point of view by Professor Buchesi. This later address should be read and considered by all English Canadians. Its outstanding criticism of British policy is what we have been familiar with since the early days of Mr. Bourassa, and would today be accepted by many English Canadians. Less familiar is the Catholic criticism of the League, "which League, rightly or wrongly, they (French-Canadians) suspect to follow the orders of free masonry now coupled with Communism in the field of international affairs on the European continent".

This volume, with its frank discussion of the controversial issues which face Canada in foreign policy, should be brought to the attention of that highly respectable organization, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. It is the sort of volume which they should have published long ago if they were not so paralyzed by discretion.

His late Majesty, King George V., when on his death bed, so the author of the second volume tells us, recovered from a long unconsciousness for a moment to ask: "How is the Empire?" The answer, as given here by a captain in the Army Educational Corps, is not quite so full of rosy sentimentalism as one would expect from the introduction. But it is certainly not an objective survey that he gives us. He does not ignore the unpleasant problems which face British imperialism in various parts of the world, but his faith in the mission of the Empire is so high that he makes most of the problems look a great deal less unpleasant than they are. And some of his statements will surprise mere stay-at-home Canadians. Thus he tells us that to the Crown has fallen the responsibility of unifying the policies of the different members of the Commonwealth. He deplores the post war practice of setting up Dominion diplomatic representation in foreign capitals. He has a beautiful Christmas fairy-tale about how in a spirit of altruism Great Britain induced Newfoundland to give up her self-government, and he tells it without ever mentioning such people as bond-holders. On the question of defence, he thinks it probable that "Commonwealth defence will develop along the lines of local responsibility", but he happily reminds us that when a crisis comes the framework is all ready for a centralized joint control in the Imperial General Staff and the Imperial War Cabinet. The book gives no new information to anyone acquainted with recent imperial developments; it is a good popular presentation of the imperial gospel that we shall all be reading during the coming few years as we prepare for the next war. But Captain Roe would profit by reading what some of the Canadians have said in the other volume.

F. H. UNDERHILL.

THE LEAGUE FIASCO: Victor Margueritte; William Hodge & Co.; pp. 284; $2.75.

COLLECTIVE SECURITY: edited by Maurice Bourqouin; League of Nation; $4.00.

BOTH THESE BOOKS are good, both deal, broadly speaking, with the same subject, both were written before the Spanish civil war. Yet they are very different in content, scope and manner. The first is definitely a book for the general reader; in it Victor Margueritte, who is probably best known abroad for his socialist-feminist novels of the post-war period, has given us a short and vigorous history of the League of Nations from the time of its birth to the present moment of mummification. He tells in his clear and vivid style (and the translator should be congratulated on an excellent piece of work) of the hopes that accompanied the birth, and how these were negatived by Clemenceau and Lloyd George from the start; he gives a description of its mechanisms, its successes and failures, the sad tale of how the fierce nationalist egotism of the Great Powers has made the League, from a potentially effective instrument of truly internationalist co-operation, a mere protector of an impossible status quo.

Though written from the French point of view—and this in itself makes it of greater value to the British reader—the whole story is told with remarkable impartiality and understanding. Briand and Stresemann emerge as the only two real statesmen of post-war Europe. They are both dead, but the devil of the piece, the armament interests, is still very much alive. After an account of events in Japan and Abyssinia, M. Margueritte ends with a balance sheet of success and failure which is not altogether discreditable and still allows hope of better things, but the hope gets dimmer every day. The League Fiasco can be heartily recommended to anyone who wants a clear, eminently readable account, charged with deep feeling, of internationalism since the war. It is perhaps the best of its kind.

Collective Security on the other hand is definitely a book for the student. It does not survey the past but examines possible improvements for the future.. It is an imposing collection of memoranda and discussions from the International Studies Conferences, in 1934 and 1935, of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation. Canada is well represented and Part II begins with an article by F. H. Underhill that should make readers of the Canadian Forum feel thoroughly at home. As collective measures are examined by representatives of many nations (Germany and Japan being absent) there is naturally a good deal of repetition, but in this way alone can we be made to realize how often even detached intellectuals are affected in their thinking by their national viewpoint. The Italians stand alone in their belief in the absolute sovereignty of the national state, a belief that makes collective action impossible in any true sense. There is also a tendency for the French and Rumanians, for example, to insist upon the sanctity of treaties, while others—the English and Spaniards in particular—put the emphasis on the necessity for machinery to secure peaceful change.

Among the topics fully dealt with in interesting, instructive and enlightening manner are the possible devel

opment of arbitration, the unpracticability of the distinction between juridical and political disputes, ways and means of disarmament, physical and moral, definition of the aggressor; the changing conception of neutrality, the practicability of sanctions, the use of regional pacts, the question of an international armed force. It is impossible to select for mention even the memoranda of special interest, but the French and Spanish contributions are of a very high standard throughout. The tone of the discussion is at times very abstract, and will probably seen academic to some, but the book is an invaluable mine of information for those specially interested.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Trade and Competition

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE: Gottfried von Haberler; Wm. Hodge & Co.; pp. 407; $5.25.

THIS is a translation from the German edition of 1933. It aims at giving a systematic treatment of the main problems of international trade. Departing from the usual practice—which is to begin with 'pure' theory—it starts out with a description of the monetary transfers involved in trade and of the composition of a country's balance of payments, and then plunges into the theories of the foreign exchanges. The space given to the discussion of the behaviour of exchange rates under inconvertible paper currencies is a natural reflection of the post-war problems of inflation. The exposition starts, as it must, with the classical argument that exchanges tend to correspond to the relative internal purchasing power of a currency. It turns out, however, that in times of serious economic instability, the causal relationship may be reversed; exchanges depreciate first and cause internal prices to rise. The German experience of 1921-23 has been the subject of a series of inductive studies. The Reparations problem—which more than any other tested the resources of trade theory—is here re-stated and the controversy of 1929-30 between Keynes and others discussing the manner in which Germany might be expected to develop and export surplus equal to the annual payment is threshed over again. The treatment of this whole section is complete and clear.

The second section deals with what is traditionally the core of international trade theory—the question of the gain derived from trade. Haberler is no more able to dispense with Ricardo's doctrine of comparative costs than any other of the post-war critics. Recognizing of course, that Ricardo's underlying theory of value—the labour theory—hasn't a leg to stand on, he finds that values in domestic trade are proportionate to another kind of 'real cost'. This is the 'substitution' or 'opportunity' cost of the neo-classical type. Given the existence of different resources, capital, Labour-skill, etc., in each country, the scale of costs for various goods, will, in the absence of trade, be differently arranged in different countries. Trade then takes place, each country exporting those that are low on the scale and importing those that are high.

There is a good discussion of the effects of trade upon the distribution of the national income.

The last and longest section of the book, the one that will appeal most to the general reader, seeks to apply the theory to problems of commercial policy. The author appraises most of the propositions usually advanced in sup port of general and particular tariffs, as well as lots of new and unfamiliar ones. Other chapters deal with the problems of export dumping, export bounties, tariff-making in practice, and discusses the role of commercial treaties in international trade. While judiciously fair to the protectionist and interventionist case, he yet emerges an unrepentant free trade.

J. F. PARKINSON.

THE ETHICS OF COMPETITION AND OTHER ESSAYS: Frank Hyneman Knight; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 363; $3.75.

THE PUBLICATION of this volumn of essays was undertaken by a group of young men who had met at a dinner on the occasion of Professor Knight's forty-ninth birthday. The loyalty and admiration of which this volume is evidence had been truly earned by the exercise of singular intellectual powers and singular intellectual honesty. In this country there are a growing number of economists who have come directly, or indirectly, under his influence, and who are for that reason better economists than they were.

The first four essays are concerned with basic philosophical problems which the economist generally ignores, which means that he has accepted without thought a traditional position. For example, in the essay which gives its title to the book, the established dogma, is criticised because "it accepted in too narrow and final a sense the view of the economic system as merely a mechanism for satisfying those wants which are dependent on exchangeable goods and services." By contrast he expounds the thesis that "economic activity is at the same time a means of want-satisfaction, an agency for want- and character-formation, a field of creative self expression and a competitive sport. While men are 'playing the game of business,' they are also moulding their own and other personalities and creating a civilization whose worthiness to endure cannot be a matter of indifference."

There follow six essays concerned with pure economic theory. The essay on Statics and Dynamics is made available for the first time in English. The inclusion of the essay on Cost of Production and Price over Long and Short Periods is particularly welcome; it is an excellent sample of Professor Knight's careful and critical use of traditional analysis as well as of his originality.

The final essay, Economic Theory and Nationalism, will probably prove the most interesting to the general reader; but it is not easy reading and will not command the agreement even of all of his admirers. It can be described as the reflections of a "liberal" economist on the future development of society, the role of intelligence in that development, and the role of the economist in the uncongenial "nationalist" society that he regretfully predicts.

V. W. BLADEN.

Feminism, Humanism and a New Age

OUR FREEDOM AND ITS RESULTS: By five women, (edited by Ray Strachey); Hogarth-Longmans, pp. 285; $3.00.

THIS book is to be read above all for its implications. It is scientific and impartial in its account of facts, illuminating the whole subject of woman's place in society so as to make clear the meaning of the trends of the past seventy years. But it also implies a humanistic social philosophy, spacious and wise, which forces the reader to consider afresh the larger questions of the ends of government and the criteria of the right and the good. One may or may not approve of the greater social freedom of women today—but one must hail as right and good a better life for society at large. And the two appear to be

closely involved, if one studies the actual history of the world, especially the world of British social life in the last two generations.

The immediate material treated is the changes affecting woman's position in Great Britain which have occurred since the granting of the franchise in 1918. Thus Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., shows how all women's political disqualifications have been removed with the exception of the bar to the House of Lords maintained against peeresses. Erna Reiss, a legal expert, traces the growth of equality in the matter of divorce, the custody of children and responsibility for, as well as the holding of, property. Ray Strachey (Mrs. Oliver Strachey) discusses women's employment, showing how for the wage-earning 4,000,000 women, largely in sweated occupations, in 1911, there was substituted in 1931 the employment of 5,500,000 women in a much wider variety of occupations. Alison Neilans, discussing changes in sex morality, recalls the horrible history which led to the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts in 1886, and traces developments up to 1933 when the Children's and Young Persons' Act made effectual the protection of both sexes of the age of 17 from 'exposure to moral danger'. Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, in what is perhaps the most moving essay of the five, 'Changes in Social Life', indicates as the major change of our epoch 'the establishment by legal prescription of the common humanity of the two halves of the human race and the acceptance by the state of Mills' view that one girl ought to count for it exactly as one boy'. She writes further: 'So long as it was an accepted commonplace that the members of an entire sex could be regarded by the State as means and not as ends, the conception of human personality was subtly and pervasively degraded. There is nothing of accident in the coincidence of the progress of emancipation and of social reform; they belong to the same chapter in the story of freeing of the mind'. She then goes on to emphasize the significance, in relation to women's emancipation, of the importance of issues like housing, public health, education, the care of children and protection of mothers, old age pensions and similar objects in the programmes of all political parties today.

M. M. KIRKWOOD.

Well of Frustration

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION: H. G. Wells; Macmillan; pp. 217; $2.00.

MR. WELLS has written a review of an imaginary work of eleven volumes by W. B. Steele. He starts with a comparison between this and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and not having read this classic I am unable to judge whether the comparison is of real importance or whether as I suspect, it is merely a more clumsy device than the scientific inventions he used in earlier works to get his thought along the lines planned. I suggest that the device is clumsy because no interest in Steele as an individual is aroused, and because the constant use of this encyclopedic work is more irritating than the similar but more modest use of the encyclopedia in The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind. Further irritation comes from words such as syncytium, accidie, degringolade (and a doubtful use of agoraphobia) in the middle of quite ordinary statements. A final complaint is that there are two misprints in the first twenty-five pages.

The frustrations are all the many obstacles that prevent man attaining complete freedom to live a full life; a full life which envisages not personal immortality, but The Most Comprehensive Immortality, which is the title of Chapter IV. In his analysis of these frustrations, Mr. Wells is sometimes bitter (for example, in the chapter on Socialism), but, having attacked individuals, he distributes the blame very widely. He urges the abandonment of all loyalties not in accord with his faith, and the abolition of anachronistic morality: 'Thou shalt not steal'—"the way in which avarice, acquisitiveness and hardness can be poured into these empty words."

His views on the church, education and peace, although no longer new, still command attention; and his treatment of loneliness, the 'idea of the lover-shadow,' and marriage are most interesting and stimulating. On education he writes: "The Ancient Books, we none of us believe in any more, and read sententiously. 'Controversial matters,' that is to say every living reality that will flush the cheek and brighten the eye with mental excitement, are excluded from these institutions for damping off the young;" on marriage: "strict mating narrows a human being down below the level of broad social usefulness, and leads to tragedies of mutual tyranny and jealousy; abstinence is punished by morbid obsessions; a 'qualified catholicity' is perhaps the path of reason. Men and women may come to live not as twin stars but in constellations."

C. A. ASHLEY.

Jerusalem Captured

HONOURABLE ESTATE: Vera Brittain; Macmillans; pp. 601; $2.50.

MISS VERA BRITTAIN is a stirring person, and to stay with her through six hundred of her closely written, documented pages is a moving experience. In this first novel, Honourable Estate, she is trying deliberately to raise the status of woman, to record what has been achieved in the last four decades in her struggle for liberty and equality, throwing into question the whole notion of woman as inevitably domestic, and ending up with stressing as a last phase the married woman's need of a career.

She traces two families through two generations, using as her background the full sweep of the woman movement from the early days of Mrs. Pankhurst and the militant suffragettes to the peak of their success which followed the General Election of 1929. In the first generation she tells creditably an uncomfortable tale of complete frustration: of a young girl forced into marriage and into motherhood who has no domestic nor even maternal instincts, whose real interests in writing, politics, or friendship with another woman, are thwarted until she throws up husband and child and dies miserably striving to fight with the suffragettes for freedom to live according to her own nature. The second heroine might be herself, heir to the unfortunate Janet. This time the girl wins her way to a university, takes a brilliant degree, is well-nigh destroyed by the war, emptied of joy and of love. She struggles through to some sort of love again, marries a philosopher who encourages her to effect a compromise between married life, children and a career.

Obviously Miss Brittain's gifts are not domestic—some day perhaps one of the 'new' women will appear in print as a glamorously good cook—but she can put herself intensely into her characters, especially when they are wrought from her own experience. Because of this the war years are the best in the book. One knows that she gives a one-sided picture of the war: it is too unrelieved,

too consistent a death in life. And one suspects that the first part of the novel gives a one-sided picture of feminism. Throughout all history men have never achieved anything apart from women, and surely it is doubtful how far these women got who ranged themselves against men as a sex in the suffragette movement. Whatever liberalizing or their influences effect change, they have to work through both sexes, one interacting upon the other. The true value of this book as a social or political document lies in Miss Brittain's literary abilities, and in the curious unity achieved by a constant straining towards a goal despite an enveloping sense of frustration and death.

GLADYS DAVIS

Glorious Wodehouse

"LAUGHING GAS:" P. G. Wodehouse; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 311; $2.25.

FAITHFUL to the chief principle of the Canadian Forum ("Tell the Truth till it Hurts, and then go on Telling It") I confess that were I Prime Minister of Great Britain I should recommend Mr. Wodehouse for the Order of Merit. During many years he has been the most valuable man within the Four Seas, engendering rich pleasure in a myriad hearts and brains. This is no mere guffaw-producer, a Laurel-cum-Hardy of the printed page, but that rarest of benefactors, an artist whose very plots are jokes, in this respect own brother to W. S. Gilbert and a descendant of Aristophanes. Have you noticed, too, with what perfect tact and mastery he manages that most perilous element in a comic novel, the love-interest? Yes, he is the finest living English writer; and if you exclaim that I am talking nonsense, you reveal yourself as one of those piteous creatures, who, in the deepest sense of the phrase, cannot take a joke.

"Laughing Gas" bears the Joyous Master's unmistakable sign manual, even though it cannot be ranked with such achievements as A Gentleman of Leisure, Summer Lightning and The Luck Of The Bodkins. Miracles are perilous to the fiction-writer: they make astonishing situations too easy and thus prevent that deep relish which is the effect of sound art. . No one except children reads the Arabian Nights. In this tale a young English peer and a boy cinema-star exchange bodies, with much quaint distress and merry misunderstanding as the out come. But it puts us in mind of Mr. Well's extravaganzas, which make us realize what the miracle would feel like, whereas Mr. Wodehouse is concerned mostly with externals—though I have not forgotten the pancakes. However that may be, the book is a sheer joy, as we reviewers so neatly put it. The film-actress who poses as a simple little home body surrounded by flowers and Welsh rarebit; the sale of the boy-star's tooth; the fake kidnapping (doubly faked, as it turns out); the ghastly preparations, also abortive, for unveiling a statue—all these, and many more, are glorious Wodehouse. Nor do we lack the delicious comic sentence. This drunkenness test may be new to you, as it was to me: "She stood at the door of Burgess's fish-sauce shop in Ethelberta Street, Oswaldthistle, welcoming him in." (Oswaldthistle is a real place, I assure you: I nearly went there once, but it is in Lancashire). When the hero's cousin learns that he keeps whisky in his rooms, he remarks: "I shall make a point of looking you up. A fellow can't have too many oases." Again: "She looked like a vicar's daughter who plays hockey and ticks off the villagers when they want to marry their deceased wives' sisters." "I can't imagine anyone more capable of worrying a family than Eggy. Just suppose if Job had had him as well as boils!" You see?

GILBERT NORWOOD.

A Prayer for Walpole

A PRAYER FOR MY SON: Hugh Walpole; Doubleday Doran; pp. 355; $2.50.

FTER reading the last two or three books from the pen of this once eminent author, I had begun to think that my early regard for Mr. Walpole's work had arisen from a youthful enthusiasm for Names; so I reread The Cathedral, The Duchess of Wrexe and The Old Ladies. They are still good novels, better than competent, if not classic. However, how to interpret the gradual change and decline in Mr. Walpole's talents is not the purpose of this review; one factor, nevertheless, is obvious. While Mr. Walpole may have made a sincere attempt to progress with the times, he has done so upon a foundation whose falseness rings more hollow with each succeeding novel. In effect, he says the spiritual, intellectual and social discomforts of our age are the result of our refusal to adapt ourselves to the present system. Nowhere will he admit that to adapt the system to ourselves is the easier (and historically sound) solution. Thus, his premise being false, the modernity with which he tries to invest his characters and situations is false as well.

However, to be dispassionate, A Prayer For My Son, fulfills all the requirements for a Christmas package. We have an unwed mother, a somewhat elderly son of twelve with whom she can be reunited, an unpredictable grandfather, an acid spinster aunt and as the publishers say, 'absorbing portraits of such a company of characters as only Walpole can assemble'. Apart from developing what plot these people afford, Mr. Walpole has set himself the task of weaning us young ones from certain very, very modern heresies. That their existence, particularly in such banal guise, is doubtful in intelligent society, apparently hasn't occurred to him.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

This and That

DANGER IN THE DARK: Mignon G. Eberhart; Doubleday-Doran; pp. 307; $2.25.:

TAKING this book all round it is the best American detective-story since the Leavenworth Case, which must be quite forty years old. Unfortunately one cannot adequately demonstrate the excellence of such novels without unpardonably spoiling the puzzle. But I can, at least, say that, despite my unenviably wide knowledge of crime-fiction, the authoress contrived to keep me off the scent. Special merit is shown in character-drawing: the members of the Haviland firm are not only well differentiated at the opening: what is far less frequently achieved, they do not proceed at once to melt into one another like candles in a hot cupboard. Even in the midst of clues and snapping policemen you find it still easy to distinguish Amelia from Gertrude.

G. N.

HILL SAGA: Warren B. Horner; Shepherdstown Register Press. pp. 83; $1.50.

QUEBEC: Wilmot B. Lane; Macmillans in Canada; pp. 40; $1.50.

HILL SAGA immediately reminds one of the Spoon River Anthology but with this difference, that in the latter the voice is unmistakably the voice of a poet;

in the former, language, rhythm, everything except a few suggestions of folk-tune, suggests that prose would have been a happier medium. In a series of admirably concise and distinct pictures, presented simply and with evident authenticity, Mr. Horner portrays the events in the life of a hill family in the last fifty years, particularly in relation to the increasing impact of the outer world. It is a sympathetic and interesting document, but these seems little reason why it should have been presented as verse.

Quebec, though on a more ambitious theme and more ambitiously and self-consciously decorated, also seems to betray a hand that would have been happier in prose. It strikes an uneasy balance between the Grand style and the Plain: the ornamentation, which seems to owe much to a careful study of Pratt, gives the effect of being fastened on, none too securely, rather than rising out of the course of the telling. It is an account of the capture of Quebec, written in semi-dramatic form, and in substance following pretty well the accepted mythology.

L. A. M.

A LITERARY MAP OF CANADA: W. A. Deacon & Stanley Turner. MacMillan, $2.50.

IT IS A BRAVE enterprise to ornament the wilder half of a continent with the names of a literature which is just shedding its colonial rompers, but Mr. Deacon has done it—indispensably assisted by Mr. Turner who has enlivened the great open spaces with coats of arms and compasses, red pennants for the habitats of favored authors (Sir Charles G. D. Roberts has four), and little pictures of wild geese and eskimoes, cachalots and quintuplets. The St. Lawrence Basin and the Land of Evangeline are dignified with extra charts of their own. There is no reason why this map should not hang on Canadian schoolrooms; it would look livelier and perhaps teach more than diagrams of the Hanoverian succession.

Making allowance for Mr. Turner's bold lettering and the sly inclusion of such foreigners as Longfellow and Ballantyne, there is still a respectable array of Canadian book-titles. British Columbia and the North-West are sparsely represented for reasons beyond control of the compilers; these are lands still waiting development by the literary miner. Some of the names you won't recognize because Mr. Deacon does not seem to have missed anybody who could feel indignant about it. I have no doubt every self-respecting patriot of Canadian letters will add this map to his library wall.

E. B.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS: Anne Capelle; Ryerson; pp. 288; $2.00.

FICTION of this particular type can be likened to what, in the movie industry, are called programme pictures. Either they can be a pretentious compound of cheap materials and bad taste or a simple and pleasant arrangement of elements whose chief merit is the relaxation they afford. The Might-Have-Beens belongs with this latter group. It makes a comfortable evening's reading, neither so stimulating as to deprive you of your night's sleep when you lay it down, nor so colourless as to start you yawning before your bedtime. The story is conventional enough. It concerns the return of a daughter of a runaway couple to the scenes and people whom her mother forsook and the subsequent complications, both romantic and otherwise, which arose. It is told with a great deal of charm and gentle humour and can be read with no offence to temper or decorum.

E. G.

FOR DEAR LIFE: Belinda Jelliffe; Scribners; pp. 355; $2.75.

THIS BOOK has no great literary merit, though as a human document it is not without considerable interest. It is the story of an American girl born on a farm, with a deep longing for education and knowledge which for a long time she seems to have no chance of acquiring; though in the end, after considerable struggles and one or two bits of luck, she achieves the position of a nurse. From here on the quality of the book improves considerably, and the chapters concerned with life in the hospitals are not without merit, and definitely held the reader. A poor nurse's life is pitilessly described, the whole muddle of the world is beyond understanding, and nothing is left but suicide, which is, however, avoided by meeting the right man at the last moment.

G. M. A. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this column does not preclude review in a future issue.)

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC FINANCE: A de Viti de Marco; trans., Edith P. Marget; Cape-Nelson; pp. 435; $5.00.

THE POLAND OF PILSUDSKI: Robert Machray; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 508.... $4.50.

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION: Lancelot Hogben; illustrated J. F. Horrabin); Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 647; $3.75.

FROM U-BOAT TO PULPIT: Martin Niemoller; William Hodge; pp. 217; $2.25.

SPANISH FRONT: Carlos Prieto; Nelson, pp. 95; 75c.

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1828-1831: ed. Sir Hubert Grierson; pp. 496; $5.50.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA or The Relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind. Gertrude Stein; Random House-Macmillan; pp. 207; $3.00.

ABSOLOM, ABSOLOM!: William Faulkner; Macmillan; pp. 384; $2.50.

EGGS AND BAKER: John Masefield; Macmillan, pp. 338; $2.50.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON: Macmillan; pp. 435; $5.50.

JOST: Rudolph Kunn; transl. Marion Reid; William Hodge & Co.; pp. 412; $2.25.

CLOCHEMERLE: Gabriel Chevalier; Macmillan; pp. 439; $2.50.

ANTIQUA PENNY PUCE: Robert Graves; Macmillan, pp. 311; $2.25.

JILL SOMERSET: Alec Waugh; Cassell-Macmillan; pp. 270; $2.50.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR: David Grayson; Doubleday Doran; pp. 270; $2.25.

SUCH HARMONY: (a play) W. Eric Harris; Samuel French; pp. 37; 35c.

• • •

"A long experience has taught Canada that even a bad arbitration is better than a good war". . . .

—Professor R. A. MacKay

"A purely European problem can best be settled by Europeans. If they cannot settle it, we cannot."

—Paul Martin

Two excerpts from:

Canada:

The Empire and the League

This volume contains the principal addresses given at the 1936 session of the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics.

"The subject under discussion was 'Canada's Responsibility for World Peace', and it is safe to say that never before have Canada's foreign relations been so exhaustively discussed in public, nor under such auspicious conditions of leadership and representative opinion." — Sir Robert Falconer.

The subject is vital; the presentation is equally so. The names of the lecturers give confidence in the book—Professor R. A. MacKay, Dr. R. L. Buell, Dr. Hans Simons, Lord Snell, Paul Martin, M.P., Jean Bruchesi, Professor G. N. Brown, A. R. M. Lower, N. A. M. MacKenzie and Clifford Sifton.

$1.50

■

One of the most timely books to hand:

The Spanish Front

By CARLOS PRIETO

Spain and the Spanish—The Civil War—Its Causes—Events—Significance for England and for Europe. The author knows his Spain from end to end, and his book not only has permanent value as a brief survey of Spanish history and of events leading to the civil war—it is also a shrewd study of the country and the people, and a clear, authoritative statement on a burning question of the hour. A companion volume to "Moscow Admits a Critic".

75¢

■

Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited
91 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada

SCHOOL in Lawrence Park

Where boys and girls are encouraged to combine initiative with a healthy social outlook. A modern approach to learning. It is proposed to care for all children up to university age, but the present ages are 4 to 8 years.

Prospectus and information from
ROBERT ORCHARD, B.A., Cambridge
MADELEINE BOSS LASSERRE, Diplomée de l'Institut Jaques-Dalcroze, Geneva

The School at 217 St. Leonard's Ave, Toronto
MOhawk 1210

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

By EARL BROWDER - - 25¢

Earl Browder writes with authority but in a popular style on such diverse and controversial subjects as The United Front, Father Coughlin, Tactics, Force and Violence, the Negro People, Religion, Peace, and How the Communist Party Works

Francis White Publishers Limited
298 Avenue Road - - Toronto 5

Premiere Showing—Theatre of Action Production

HART HOUSE THEATRE

"ROAR CHINA"

Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Movement Night

MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets, 60c and 85c (tax included)—On sale at C.C.Y.M. Office, WA. 6461, and at the Box Office

- LIVE EDITORIALS
- WORLD NEWS
- SPECIAL FEATURES

The New Commonwealth

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY)

Special Correspondents in England, Spain, Sweden, France and Russia

225 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada
Subscriptions: $2.00, per year; $1.00, six months

The Stafford Printers Limited — 225 Richmond St. W., Toronto